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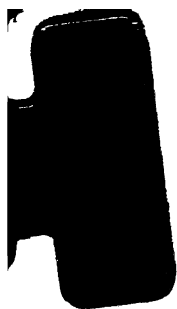
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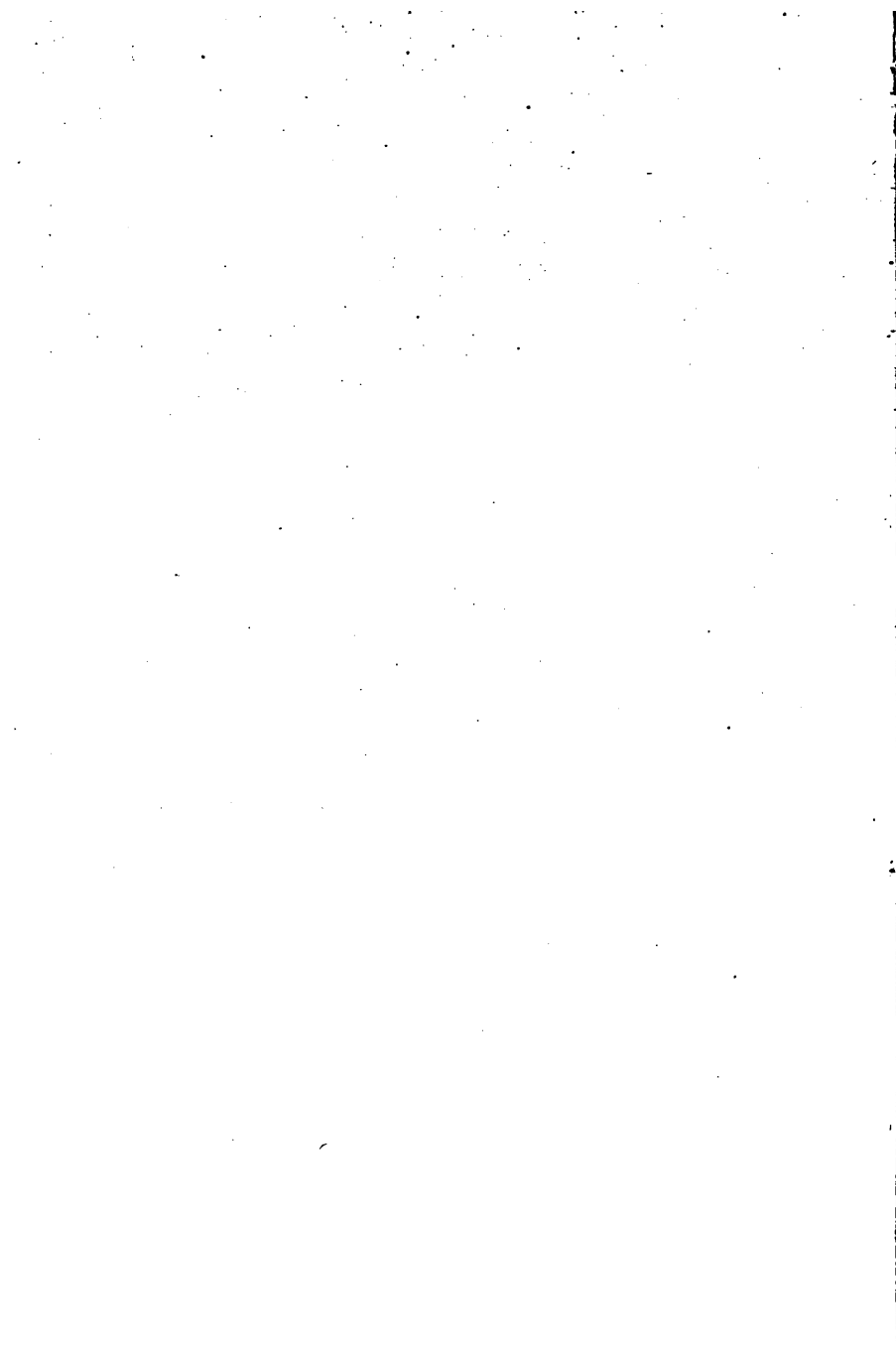
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~~4/6/93~~
(Gore)
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**THE GREEN HORSE IN
LADYSMITH**





OFFICERS OF THE 5TH DRAGOON GUARDS IN GREEN HORSE VALLEY.

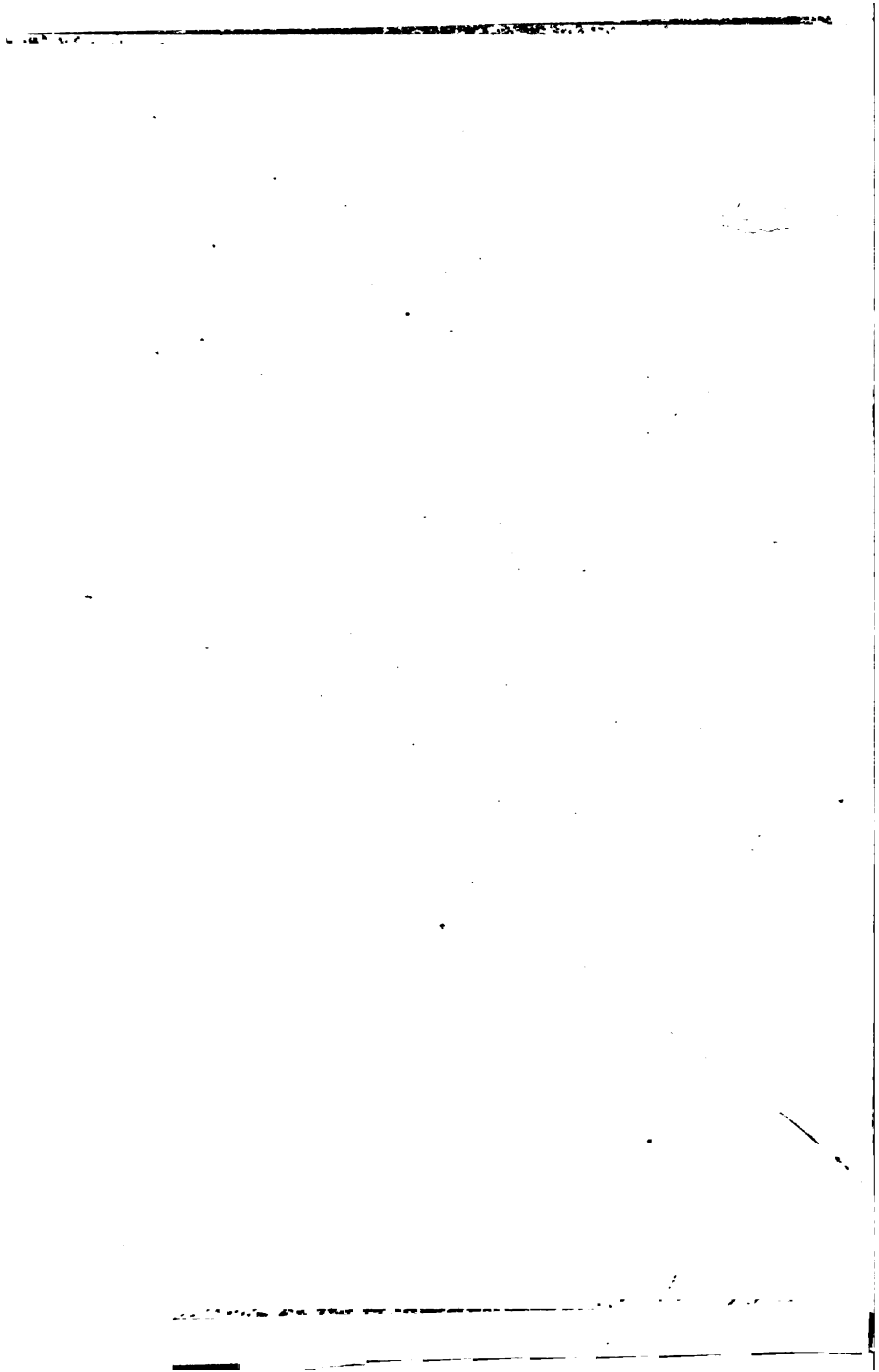
THE GREEN HORSE IN
LINDSAY

BY
ALICE LINDSAY, ESQ.

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25, BUNN'S COURT
PATERN LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1897



THE GREEN HORSE IN LADYSMITH

EDITED BY
LIEUT.-COLONEL ST. JOHN GORE

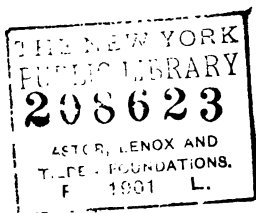
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P R E F A C E

IN July, 1899, the 5th Dragoon Guards were at Sialkote in the Punjab, under the command of Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell. This gallant officer had gone home to England on four months' leave shortly before to enjoy a well-earned rest ; however, he had not been long in England when I received a letter from him saying that he was going out to South Africa. They say a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, and when we heard *that*, we thought it possible that interesting developments might shortly follow.

Accordingly, the regiment was not altogether taken by surprise when it received its welcome orders, on September 8, 1899, to hold itself in readiness to embark for South Africa.

There was little to be done, except sharpening swords and lances, in which our good friends the 18th Bengal Lancers—experts in all such matters—lent us their invaluable and willing assistance.

At this time I also paid a flying visit of a few weeks to England, and was fortunate enough to be permitted to travel direct from England to Durban,

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and to rejoin my regiment there. In this I was indeed fortunate, as had I proceeded to India first, I should probably have been detained there with the two squadrons suspected of being infected with glanders, and so have missed being present at the battle of Elandslaagte.

In keeping the records of the regiment during the siege, I was influenced by thinking how interesting it would be for us were a record of the doings of our predecessors in the regiment during the Crimean War now in existence.

I have recently heard that such a record actually *was* made by Major-General Temple Godman, who was serving in the 5th Dragoon Guards at that time, but most unfortunately it was burnt in a fire that occurred at Scutari.

In writing down my daily self-imposed task, I have perhaps not strictly confined myself to precise official language, and have ventured to think that incidents outside the sphere of purely military operations may be recalled with pleasure and amusement by my comrades in the Green Horse in future years.

The writers of the history of this war, when sufficient time has elapsed to allow all its events to be fairly viewed in their true proportions, will tell in stately language of the movements of masses of men, and sum up in some sonorous sentence a fact, to accomplish which individual men have toiled and fought and bled.

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We smaller fry, who by God's grace have lived in the midst of, and been an integral part of, the larger whole, know and have seen with our eyes those little things which go to build up the whole. Wherefore, my dear comrades to whom I write, you will sometimes find set forth in these solemn records, cheek by jowl with a simple account of your acts of bravery, a mention of what you *had* (or perhaps did *not* have) for dinner !

With a view to presenting the point of view of others beside myself, who may have still more intimate knowledge of the details, I have asked some officers and non-commissioned officers to favour me with an account of what came under their *actual observation* during the battle of Elandslaagte. I must here express to them all my sincere thanks for the kind way in which they have responded, and I shall give their accounts of that successful day, side by side with my own much less graphic narrative, exactly as they wrote them.

It is to me most instructive and interesting to note how difficult it is for officers and men in a subordinate position to gather and realize what is really going on, and even what they themselves are doing. Captain Watson, in his account of the day, sets this forth plainly, and I have followed his account of the "manœuvres," as they appeared to him at the time, with amused bewilderment ! The writers of the different accounts all saw what happened from slightly different standpoints, and I have learnt many facts

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from reading their accounts of which I was in complete ignorance before, although I had such excellent facilities for seeing everything.

The most important thing that I have learnt is that the Boers fired a great deal at our men. As I have said elsewhere—not being delayed by the donga (or small ravine) spoken of in these accounts—I got a good distance in front of the line during the charge. For this reason perhaps I did not *see* much of the Boers' shooting. I suppose I must have assumed that the firing (of which there certainly was plenty) was that of my own people behind me. The first Boer whom I overtook certainly tried to turn round in his saddle and fire his Mauser rifle at me ; however, an alteration in the course I was shaping brought me up on his *right* rear.

The description given by Sergeant Savage is so graphic, and contains so many facts, new even to myself, that I give it at length, feeling sure it will be read with interest.

Captain Reynolds must have had a marvellous escape. I remember the "hospital" incident of which he speaks, and a man rushing out of it to us saying, "For God's sake don't shoot!" I was thinking at the time, "Where are the enemy's GUNS?" and *dreading* that the Boers might be taking them away in the dark without my seeing them go! I need not have troubled my head ; our gallant infantry had seen to *them* ! But this was not known to me at the time, and anxiety about them prevented my

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noticing much that I otherwise should have taken in. I heard a scuffle, and shooting close at hand.

Sergeant Taylor saw the fight from another point of view—with the guns.

Lieutenant Norwood has also given me an account of what he saw. He and Lieutenant Panchaud (an officer of the Calcutta Light Horse who was attached to us, and did most excellent service throughout) were out all night, and I was very much relieved to see them turn up smiling, with their batch of prisoners, at dawn next morning.

I am glad to say that Lieutenant Norwood has since been awarded the Victoria Cross which he earned so gallantly on the 31st October.

There are two more 5th Dragoon Guards men whose names do not appear in these records: they were employed elsewhere.

One is Baden-Powell, who saved Mafeking for England.

The other is Edwards: he commanded the Imperial Light Horse at Gun Hill, again at Wagon Hill, and went finally to help to relieve Mafeking.

When the stress of war came on the country, the regiment was able to supply two such men for the public service.

ST. JOHN GORE.

INGOGO,

5th September, 1900.

Preface

POSTSCRIPT.—The indulgence of the reader must be craved for the shortcomings in the following pages, as continued absence in South Africa prevents my being able to attend to revisions and necessary alterations.

I must here embrace this opportunity of expressing my great indebtedness to Mr. Montrose Cloete for his kindness in undertaking the troublesome task of arranging for their production.

ST. JOHN GORE.

VOLKSRUST,
12th December, 1900.

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THE GREEN HORSE IN LADYSMITH

5TH (P.C.W.'s) DRAGOON GUARDS

RECORD OF SERVICE, 2ND BOER WAR

1899. *Sept.* 8.—Sialkot.

Orders received from Punjaub Command for the regiment to be in readiness to proceed on Field Service to South Africa to serve with an Indian contingent (including 9th Lancers and 19th Hussars), forming part of a British force to reinforce the army in South Africa.

All officers on leave, furlough men, etc., and detachments recalled to headquarters.

Sept. 10.—Result of medical inspection wired to Punjaub Command: "Regiment fit up to service strength."

Result of veterinary inspections wired to Punjaub Command: "One for fitness, one for contagious diseases," "Result fit."

Sept. 12.—Telegram sent to Punjaub Command: "Regiment ready to move."

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Sept. 14.—Captains Mappin and Gaunt, 4th Dragoon Guards, and Lieutenant Richardson, 11th Hussars, attached to proceed on service with regiment.

Sept. 15.—Lieutenant Mathew Lannowe, 4th Dragoon Guards, attached to proceed with regiment.

Telegram received from Major Gore: "Going Cape to-morrow."

Sept. 16.—Wire received saying halts *en route* Bombay are Umballa, Aligarh, Jhansi, and Deolali.

Wire received from Colonel Baden-Powell at Mafeking: "Congratulate regiment."

Sept. 18.—Wire received from Punjaub Command directing that a detailed report be prepared on the mobilization of the regiment under the new organization of three service squadrons and one reserve squadron: to be prepared on voyage and posted from Durban.

Wire received from Punjaub Command saying the regiment will probably sail 26th instant, and should arrive complete Deolali morning 25th, booked to Princes Dock; regiment allotted transports, *Patiala*, *Lindula*, and *Verawa*.

86 time expired. N.C.O.'s and men voluntarily extended their service to accompany regiment to South Africa.

Sept. 19.—Telegram received saying regiment will leave Sialkot in four special trains 20th Sept.

Sept. 20.—Regiment under Major Edwards left Sialkot in four special trains, strength as under—

18 officers including medical officer.

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476 W. and N.C.O.'s and men.

57 chargers.

Sept. 20.—466 squadron horses.

36 mules.

18th Bengal Lancers very kindly gave help in entraining horses.

Sept. 21.—Arrived Umballa.

Sept. 22.—Arrived Aligarh. Lieutenant Richardson, 11th Hussars, and chargers joined.

Sept. 23.—Arrived Jhansi.

Sept. 25.—Arrived Deolali. Captain Hoare, who had been Adjutant of the Calcutta Light Horse, and his chargers rejoined.

Orders received for "B" and "C" squadrons to detrain at Deolali. "D" squadron went on to Bombay.

Sept. 26.—"D" squadron arrived Princes Dock, Bombay, and embarked in B.I.S.N.Co.'s transport *Lindula* under Major Stobart, sailing at 12 noon, strength as under—

8 officers, 167 N.C.O.'s and men, 22 chargers, 167 squadron horses, and 12 mules.

A case of anthrax appeared at Deolali. "B" and "C" squadrons were detained in India.

Here we leave "B" and "C" squadrons for the present, and will follow "D" squadron, now in the *Lindula*.

October 10.—A storm came on in the afternoon, which lasted till about 6 a.m. on the 11th Oct., driving the ship 30 miles out of her course.

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The ship was in considerable danger, but owing to the excellent behaviour of all ranks in a trying time, the horses escaped with the least possible damage.

No casualties occurred, although several horses were cast. The good services of Corporal Chamberlain on this occasion were brought to the notice of his commanding officer subsequently.

Major Stobart, who left India in command of "D" squadron, unfortunately suffered from bad health during the voyage, and had to be placed on the sick list; on reaching South Africa this officer proceeded to Pietermaritzburg, and was taken into hospital there: he left South Africa for England on medical certificate almost immediately after.

The command of "D" squadron then devolved on Captain Mappin (4th Dragoon Guards, attached), who brought it to Ladysmith in a most creditable state considering all that had been gone through. It may be mentioned here that a ship, with a squadron of the 9th Lancers on board, was in this storm also, and lost no less than 95 horses in consequence.

Oct. 11.—"D" squadron arrived at Durban, leaving that place the same evening in three trains.

Oct. 12.—"D" squadron arrived at Ladysmith, having experienced heavy rain all the way. The iron floors of the trucks in which the horses travelled, in spite of all precautions, became so slippery that two horses were injured, and had to be left at an intermediate station; they rejoined the regiment a few days later.

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Oct. 13.—Major St. John Gore, who had been on ninety days' privilege leave to England, rejoined the regiment at 6 a.m., and assumed command of it, in the absence of Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell, who is commanding at Mafeking.

War with the Transvaal and the Orange Free State was declared in Orders this day, the actual declaration having been made on 11th October.

Oct. 15.—Church parade in the open. Orders received to take over the patrolling duties from the 19th Hussars. Seven patrols are to go out, both at 11 p.m. and at 3 a.m. Very difficult work for commanding officer, first to find out where the patrols were to go, and then to explain to the corporals in charge of them. The commanding officer was very much gratified at the highly intelligent way in which these patrols grasped the orders given them, and found their way in a dark night along tracks which they had never even seen in the daytime.

No maps at all were issued to the regiment.

Oct. 17.—Patrols sent out as before, also a line of outposts about seven miles distant from camp, held during the daytime, in the direction of Dundee. Communication with the camp by heliograph was established by Lieutenant Watson.

Oct. 18.—Patrols and outposts. At 3.30 p.m. got orders to shift camp down to a site near the show ground near river Klip, about south of Ladysmith. Very much crowded here with several other corps.

The Green Horse in Ladysmith

Oct. 19.—Made dispositions for the defence of new camp. Prepared map of the ground, measured ranges, and made cover for the Maxim gun, etc.

Oct. 20.—Orders received to "stand to" twice, but the squadron did not turn out. Captain Darbyshire and Lieutenant Reynolds, who had been on leave in England, rejoined this evening.

Oct. 21.—Captain Kennard, who had been on leave in England on medical certificate, rejoined early in the morning : just in time !

The squadron marched off at 8.10 a.m., and took part in the battle of Elandslaagte, the official account of which here follows :—

Copy of Report of Action near Elandslaagte on

21.10.99.

From O. C. Cavalry to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry.

SIR,

I have the honour to report for your information as follows :—

On the 21st instant I received orders at 8.10 a.m. in Ladysmith camp to proceed to Elandslaagte and report myself to Major-General French there. I did so about 11.30 a.m.

At 1 p.m. I was detailed with one squadron of the 5th Dragoon Guards to reconnoitre the country along the west side of the line to Glencoe.

A short distance after passing Modder Spruit my advanced patrols were fired upon at about 200 yards' range with a casualty of one horse wounded.

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Our artillery then came into action at a place where about 70 Boers had been seen to go, but the enemy disappeared.

I was then reinforced by one squadron of the 5th Lancers under Captain Oakes, and was ordered to engage the attention of the enemy on the hills to the west of the position. Finding no enemy there, I pushed on to work round the enemy's right flank.

The enemy's guns opened on us from a position in their camp at about 1800 yards' range, but by cutting the wire on both sides of the railway line (which was well done by Captain Mappin, 4th Dragoon Guards, and Sergeant-Instructor of Signalling Read, 5th Dragoon Guards), I was enabled to take the cavalry to a convenient spot, not far from Elandslaagte Station, whence I could command the enemy's line of retreat within striking distance, and time my attack.

I searched Elandslaagte Station and found it deserted, except for some Boer Hospital Orderlies, and some prisoners taken by the Boers, whom I liberated.

The enemy brought about 50 infantry down a spur of the hill towards my position, and opened fire on my scouts at about 600 yards.

At 5.20 p.m. the enemy were seen coming out of their position into the open plain, and taking a line of retreat in the direction of Glencoe: I then gave the order to advance. My two squadrons were formed in line at extended files, and charged right across the line of retreat which the enemy were taking. The latter were going quietly away at a trot, till our men's heads appeared over the crest of the hill; they then changed their direction and galloped straight away in front of us, and in all directions. Their ponies, however, were no match for our horses, and we rapidly overhauled them. Those men who still tried to escape were attacked

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with the lance or pistol, and those who jumped off their horses and threw down their arms were made prisoners of. Unfortunately it was now quite dusk, and it was extremely difficult to see where the enemy were. The first charge was from a mile and a half to two miles in length. The two squadrons were then halted, faced about, and reformed. They then charged back again almost over the same ground, and encountered a good many more of the flying enemy.

The country thus ridden over was very stony and difficult in many places, and both squadrons deserve credit for the way in which they got over it, and also their steadiness when manœuvring under the shell fire earlier in the day.

It was now pitch dark, and after feeling the way about carefully for some time, I took my command to Elandslaagte Station, where I bivouacked for the night.

With half an hour's more daylight I believe we could have destroyed almost all of the enemy, or taken them prisoners.

I should wish to recommend to your favourable notice the following officers and N.C. officers :—

Captain Darbyshire, 5th Dragoon Guards, and Captain Oakes, 5th Lancers, both commanded their squadrons very efficiently.

Captain Mappin, 4th Dragoon Guards, acted as my Staff Officer, and was of great assistance to me in many ways.

Lieut. Reynolds, 5th Dragoon Guards, did good service with his patrols, and came under a heavy fire during this duty.

Sergeant Read, 5th Dragoon Guards, did good service in cutting the railway wire as above narrated.

Lance-Corporal Kelly, 5th Lancers, did good service in the pursuit.

Though the enemy's fire was extremely accurate, I was

The Green Horse in Ladysmith

fortunate enough to have no casualties at all during the shell fire : several of the shells did not burst, luckily.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) ST. JOHN GORE, Major,
5th Dragoon Guards.

Ladysmith, 23rd October, 1899.

After this purely official account, perhaps a few extracts from the diary of Major Gore, who personally led the charge of these two squadrons, might be of interest in future years. They are here quoted below as follows :—

Extract from Major Gore's Diary.

Went with "D" squadron about 8 a.m. out on Newcastle Road, and joined a force under Major-General French. Saw dear old "jabber" Chisholme at the "Meet." A lot of waiting about. Then scouted left of railway line. Suddenly my scouts were fired on : one man seen to fall : his horse and the others came galloping back towards us.

Presently saw the man on his legs—he was all right—his horse had fallen only : one horse hit. Gradually drove enemy back to their strong position at Elandslaagte. (Battle description elsewhere.) I was given command of "D" squadron, 5th D.G., and one squadron 5th Lancers : then I went off to the left—with my two squadrons—by myself, and received no further orders during the whole battle. I took my two squadrons under shell fire across the railway line, cutting five strands of wire on each side of it. A deuce of a job !

The Boers shot very well with their nice Maxim Nordenfeldt guns : our first experience of shells. Some shells seemed right in the middle of the men : all behaved well. Galloped

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out of fire to west end of enemy's position, near Elandslaagte railway station. Then dismounted my men. I went, with my staff, up closer to see position. Could see right into the Nek, on which the Boers' camp was pitched, from behind it: saw their reserves lying on the reverse slope, sheltered from our infantry fire, but fully exposed to my view. If I had had a section of guns with me, it would have been most useful. Our shells seemed bursting well.

Sent a report from here to General French. His reply never reached me at all: he must have been nearly three miles away at a guess. Heavy rain came on—very bad for seeing, and it began to get late.

About fifty Boers came down a spur of the hill below their position towards me, and suddenly started firing their Mauser Rifles at self and staff, at about 700 yards or so. We had to "leg it," till out of fire! A desperate infantry battle now raging. I was getting awfully anxious about result, as I could not see our men at all—the brow of the hill they were attacking hiding them from me.

The line of our infantry attack was advancing straight towards me. At last I saw Boers apparently coming down out of position by twos and threes: great uncertainty in the bad light as to what they were doing. Then "They're off!" "No, they're not!" "Yes, they ARE!" Sent back word to my two squadrons to "advance in line at extended files." After half a mile, our heads rose over a fold in the ground, and showed us a long stream of Boers going leisurely away from the position at right angles to my line of advance, and about 300 yards off.

I gave the word "gallop." When they saw us, the Boers broke in every direction, and galloped away. The ground was very stony in most parts, but there were some good grassy bits along which I was able to pick my way (being one single man), while most of the men had to go over the

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bad places as they happened to come to them in their line. I therefore gradually got a long way in front of my line, which was thundering on behind me. Quickly my chestnut horse overhauled the hindermost of the now flying Boers, and soon I had to think what I must do as I came up to them.

* * * * *

[I must here apologize for leaving out the most interesting part.]

* * * * *

I was now about 400 yards in front of my line, so turned back to where they were being rallied. Went "files about," and galloped back over the same ground: it was now very dark, and one could see the flashes of rifles and revolvers going off. Many of our men had taken prisoners. Where a man threw down his arms and gave in, standing on the ground, his life was spared. It was impossible to see how many were killed. I took my sword going back instead of revolver, which I had used before, and found it most difficult to use.

* * * * *

Now it was pitch dark. I rallied the two squadrons, said a few words to them, and we all gave three cheers for our infantry, where we stood on the battle-field. Then I did not know where to go; in the dusk we could not tell whether the enemy's route was complete in all parts of the field: we had no doubt about the fellows *we* had been after having been on the run (they are probably going still! those that escaped!). But I could not tell whether any other part of the Field might not still be held by them. At last made our way, blundering over rocks, barbed wire, and railway lines, to Elandslaagte Station: found it occupied by our own people: good business! We bivouacked there for night: heavy rain: made fires with coals from the mines

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near the station : found a train of ours there which the Boers had captured and looted : plenty of provisions and forage, which we used : tins of meat, and candles, biscuits, officers' uniform cases, band music, and broken wooden boxes.

Later on I settled down in a sort of refreshment room. An extraordinary experience : I sat at a long table—a Boer with a lance-wound in his leg lying upon it, groaning terribly : against the wall sat a Kaffir, with his neck apparently cut half through by a sword-stroke, in uncomplaining silence. One of our poor infantry men being attended by a doctor, on the floor in a corner. All our prisoners were locked up in a smallish room leading off the big one, with a guard of ours over them. I had them brought out and examined, one by one : a fat old Dutch Frau, who had been taken with the rest, displaying too much concern in the answers some of the prisoners were giving, was politely told to go outside. A most dramatic and deeply interesting scene, and an impression to be remembered all one's life. I gradually dozed off in my chair among these incongruous surroundings. Natal carbineers, staff officers, mine employees, crowding in and out of the room, reeking with smoke, talk, groans, discussions about the fight, inquiries about missing friends, and a Babel of noises. I wrote my official report of the action here during the night. Deeply grateful to think we were enabled to do what we have done, and without the loss of a single man. And so to sleep, for a few brief snatches at Elandslaagte.

LIEUTENANT P. G. REYNOLDS' STORY.

I arrived at Ladysmith from England on night of 20th October. At 8.30 a.m. on 21st we got orders to proceed at once towards Elandslaagte to join General French. We

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got to Modder Spruit, and I went out with a patrol to the hills to the left : on returning I went out again with a troop to our left front and came in contact with the enemy, on a kopje, who opened a heavy fire at about 300 yards—but only wounded one horse. The Boers then retired and we followed them, arriving near the Collieries at same time as the rest of the squadron, and being shelled on the way. We sat there for a long time, and got thoroughly drenched by a very heavy shower of rain. It wasn't till it was getting dusk that we got orders to move. We had seen Boers trekking away from their laager towards Sunday's River Bridge in twos and threes for some time, but the infantry attack was evidently not pushed home then, and we didn't know whether the attack had failed or not. When we did move, after proceeding about three-quarters of a mile, my troop was "pounded" by a very deep donga, and when we got out we had to gallop fast to catch up the line ; the ground was bad—big boulders, ant-heaps and holes. As we topped a rise we saw a straggling line of Boers moving slowly west. They were evidently unaware of our oncoming. When they saw us they began to "ride a finish." I overtook one man and gave him a point with my sword. It probably hit his bandolier, as he only fell off. A man behind me said, "All right, sir !"

Men were dismounted by twos and threes to make single Boers prisoners, and our ranks were soon thinned out. At last we came to a spruit, and the whole line halted. A few Boers here were dismounted, and fired a few shots without doing any damage. I took a few men, and we surrounded them and made prisoners of them. We started back on our return journey, but it was too dark to see much. When we passed close to the Boer Hospital some one shouted, "Don't fire ; this is a hospital." We pulled up, and several Boers rushed out. One thrust his Mauser almost into my

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face—the smell of the powder almost choked me—and how he missed I can't think. I shot him through the back. Shortly after this we were rallied, and after a time we arrived at the station, where we bivouacked for the night. I went up on to the battle-field to give what little assistance I could to the wounded, and got back about 1 a.m.

The following day we went over the battle-field and to the laager. On leaving the latter, General French sent me back to bring two breech-blocks of the Maxim Nordenfeldt guns we had captured. When I went back Boers were riding into the laager from the north, as our troops were leaving for Ladysmith.

(Signed) P. G. REYNOLDS.

ACCOUNT BY LIEUTENANT WATSON.

Modder Spruit is my earliest recollection of the day of Elandslaagte. What happened in the early hours after we turned out I really don't remember. Perhaps I only woke up at Modder Spruit; I am a very sleepy person.

It was here we heard the Boer rifles, the "ping pong" of which was to become so familiar later on.

The Natal Volunteer Artillery retiring, passed us on the road, having been outranged by the heavier guns of the Boer artillery. With them, half dressed and considerably frightened, were several men who had been prisoners with the Boers, but who had managed to escape in the confusion caused by one of our shells crashing through the roof of the station-house at Elandslaagte.

We dismounted, and sat about in groups, chaffing and smoking. I could see Colonel Chisholme from where I sat, and saw Ava, who came up, for the first time. General French and Colonel Ian Hamilton, with different members

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of the staff, were on the railway embankment near the telephone (attached to the telegraph wire), and talking to Sir George White, who was in Ladysmith.

Time went on; the armoured train unloaded infantry, and other trains steamed up, bringing more and more men. Newspaper correspondents in their buggies trotted up, which looked as if something was going to happen. Every one in the best of spirits, but so far no one knew quite what the General intended to do.

A slight bustle among the staff, and "Stand to your horses!" "Mount!" Patrols told off, and then we moved on.

Reynolds with a patrol went away to the left, the 5th Lancers away on the right. We were in extended files.

Travers with his troop advanced to reconnoitre, with my troop in support.

Reynolds closed in and joined Travers as they came to wire; two men dismounted to cut it. Suddenly the silence was broken by a heavy fusillade from the rocks scarcely 200 yards to their front, causing them to retire in haste, one horse shot through the leg being our only casualty, luckily.

A battery galloped up, and a few shells at short range cleared the rocks.

My troop now got the order to advance, which we did in reconnoitring formation, I myself going with my centre group.

Over the same ground through the wire, and our hearts thumped hard as we neared the rocks that might still conceal a Boer (at least mine did). We passed on over the ridge, and could now see the plain of Elandslaagte below and away to the right of us. The enemy's position on a long hill across the plain, and their guns blazing away from a place near their laager on the near end of it. Their

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shells at first fell away to the right. Their target a squadron of the 5th Lancers, who now crossed my front in column of troops at a trot as I headed for the Colliery (Elandslaagte). The shells fell all round them, missing them, very close. Presently they began to pay more particular attention to us. And we found that watching one's friends shelled was more interesting than undergoing the operation one's self. We tried to look as if we liked it. A pointer bitch that had attached herself to the squadron *en route* I noticed examined each shell-hole after the burst with great interest, but appeared to highly disapprove of the Melinité vapours which oozed slowly from the black earth. One of my corporals (Lovett) trotted up to me about this time and asked me if I had noticed that they were shelling us? Shelling us! (had I noticed it?) I said, "Yes," and tried to say something funny, but couldn't. Still I was delighted to think he imagined I hadn't noticed it.

Nothing happened: we edged away towards the colliery on the left; an order to that effect must have come, I feel sure, though I don't remember it. However, it was not because the shells were coming from the *right* front; I feel certain of that.

We dismounted behind the pit brow, still in extended order, facing north-east; the 5th Lancers close on the left, facing north. It was very cold, and presently began to rain, big cold drops. It was the foretaste of the heavy thunder-storm which raged through most of the battle. Away to our right front a roar of musketry could be heard. Though we couldn't see our infantry, we saw the Boer position, to our front, the white smoke of the shrapnel showing plainly against the background of black thunder-clouds. It was very cold; I had on a "British warm coat," my cloak, and a mackintosh over all, and looked for all the world like a pilot in a north-easter.

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As we waited, a sergeant dragged up an object with a rifle. It said it wasn't a Boer, but it looked like one, and spoke broken English and was very dirty. It said it had come up from the pit ; this at least was true—we could see that—and protested he hadn't fired a shot ; this we also believed, as he didn't look as if he would. He was handed over to the safe custody of two men, and the rifle no doubt by this time adorns the walls of some baronial hall.

It was getting late, and through our glasses we could see odd Boers leaving the top of the hill. The firing was heavier than ever.

There was a restless feeling pervading all ranks, as if we all began to feel our time was near. We saw small parties of the enemy beginning to slip away from behind the left rear of their position.

We were now "standing to our horses" as if expecting to move ; Darby then gave the order to "mount." I believe the 5th Lancers were ready to move. We trotted up on their right, and moved off at a smart pace. No sound except that of the horses, and the roar of the guns and rifles to our right. I remember feeling as one does on hearing the yells and seeing a fire-engine dash down the crowded Strand. My Mauser pistol was in my hand ; as yet I had never fired it. I looked to it to see it was all right. Then, as an after-thought, some one said "Draw swords," and the excitement which one was beginning to feel rose another two degrees. Then a nasty donga threw us out of line for a moment. Some had good places to cross, others bad. We scrambled through somehow. My troop (the 3rd) lost some ground at the donga ; it had been the right of the line. Norwood had moved to the right, and left a space which I filled with my troop as I caught up. We had broken into a canter after the donga where we had left Darby floundering about, seemingly unable to get out.

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A faint shout above the din! We took it to be "Charge!" and howled it with all the strength of our lungs. Till then the men had been quiet except for deep curses at the donga. A few Boers galloping now for all they were worth crossed my front about thirty yards away. I fired and gave a "Tally-ho!" and the men gave tongue like a pack of hounds. The Boers, as we passed, flung themselves off their ponies and fired over the saddles at us.

I got one with my pistol who did this; four shots altogether I fired as we passed through them. I could not fire more, as my men pressed round me and got in my way.

We were now through them, and more or less scattered. There was a Boer in front of me on a grey. I followed, hoping to get quite near. He made for the river; I knew he must walk through the water. He did, and I let him have my remaining six cartridges, taking steady aim at twenty yards. It was almost dark, and my horse danced about and would not stand. That man, I'm afraid, is still alive. Unless perchance he died of wounds: I must have hit him once, say.

I saw Norwood away on my left, and called to him not to go too far, as he was alone, and we were rallying some quarter of a mile back.

I joined a body of men on the rise with a few I had gathered on the way. Most had prisoners or ponies.

I tried hard to find my troops, calling the sergeants by name, and after some time got in front of a dozen or more, every one talking! I thought at the time the slaughter must have been dreadful, as each man I spoke to had killed three men, some even more.

I sent a corporal and four men back to look after Norwood, and help him and some men with prisoners.

We all thought the show over; when all at once we heard orders shouted, and were galloping through more Boers.

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They fired at us from very close, as the flashes were level with our heads—Reynolds, close to me, getting the powder in his face. I went over some wire, “squibbing off” my revolver indiscriminately, and came out more or less alone again.

A man with a lance—evidently after some one whom he had lost—saw me, thought I was *his* man, or would do as well. I saw his lance come down, and it suddenly dawned on me that he was riding at *me*! It all happened so quickly I had no time to think. I just managed to blurt out that “I was all right.” I couldn’t think of anything else to say. He called out cheerfully, “Oh, beg pardon, sir!”

And well he might!

A Boer prisoner insisted on presenting me with his carbine and bandolier. Handing him over to a sergeant, I joined the squadron which was drawn up in mass with the 5th Lancers on the right. The commanding officer said a few words; we all cheered, and then waited, and waited, and waited for something or other, no one knew why. Finally we went very slowly and very carefully through wire and over ditches into what turned out to be the railway station. Already full of horses and men.

I had no sleep that night, but sat over a good coal fire eating things we helped ourselves to out of trucks that had fallen into our hands from the Boers.

G. HARTLEY WATSON.

LIEUTENANT NORWOOD’S STORY.

Lang’s Nek, September 4, 1900.

DEAR COLONEL,

I intended writing to you yesterday, but had to go out for a forty-mile patrol, and in consequence had no time to do so. Major Hensay told me on Sunday that you

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wanted an account of my personal experiences at Elands laagte.

On the way out from Ladysmith I and my troop were acting as advance party to the advance guard, and it was not until just before we got to Modder Spruit that I knew there were any Boers about. However, when we all halted and the General was seen with a telegraph operator tapping the wire, we soon heard that there was every possibility of a fight.

On moving off again we felt our way along the west side of the railway. Reynolds with Sergeant Harris scouting to the extreme left, whilst Travers and his troop were on our left front. We had not gone far before they found the enemy, and as I watched some hundred or more Boers clean missing at short ranges a whole troop of mounted cavalry, a pet theory of mine fell to the ground, and I realized with keen satisfaction that the Boer was by no means the shot that I had always considered him to be. Under the persuasive influence of a battery of artillery, these Boers soon quitted the kopjes they were on, and we advanced once more.

Just as the ground was becoming nearly impossible, Captain Mappin came over with an order from you for us to go the other (east) side of the railway. Directly we crossed over, I could see more or less how things had developed. The real Boer position could be seen—their artillery were unmasked and an artillery duel proceeding. Our infantry were just beginning to deploy, and I soon saw that we ourselves were being slowly but surely worked round on our left flank to the right rear of the Boer position.

Apparently about this time the Boer gunners also came to the same sage conclusion, and thinking to prevent it, gave us the full benefit of one or two of their guns. As soon as the ground west of the railway allowed, you will remember

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you sent us across the railway again, and we cantered to the colliery under a heavy shell-fire, and another pet idea of mine—that a shell on bursting killed everything for twenty yards round—again tumbled to the earth. On reaching the colliery, we waited and watched the fight, full of wonder how men could ever live in such a fire. Four or five times, when the musketry rose to an absolute continuous roar, some one said the assault was taking place, until at last we saw a thin but ever increasing line of Boers begin to escape from the rear of the assault and position, and then we realized our chance was coming. At last we set off. It had been raining hard, and we were wet through. Personally, I had on a mackintosh, and a black cardigan vest tied round my neck—a splendid charging kit for a dragoon! We soon got into line, and went away—left shoulders—and we had them right across our line.

Of the rest I have the very vaguest recollection—a vision of Watson cocking his Mauser; a crowd of Boers with their hands up, and arms cast away.

Meantime I steadily let off my Mauser, until my eye caught a Boer on a white horse getting away, so I pursued, but Wynne of the 5th Lancers caught him first with a nasty sword-cut over the head; then I saw another Boer, and stupidly went after him, but couldn't catch him. On turning round, I could just see the squadron on the sky-line a mile or more away. By the time that I got back it was quite dark, and they had gone, so I wandered round to see if I could find or help any of our wounded. There were a lot of Boers lying about, but no English. To one Boer I offered brandy, but he refused it, murmuring something about "poison." Then I met Panchaud with Sergeant M'Kormick, six men, and about a dozen prisoners, and we tried to make our way back. However, it was such a pitch-dark night that it was impossible to move, so we took off the horses'

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bits to stop them champing, tied up the prisoners in a lump, and "stood to" in a donga all night. Our reason for doing this was because some one said that the troops had all gone back to Ladysmith, and that Elandslaagte was again in Boer hands. It was a beastly night, cold, damp, and no rations, and I was rather surprised to see the men give up coats and blankets to the prisoners—some of whom were wounded. About 2 a.m. we heard horsemen, and by lying down could see horsemen circling round and round us, evidently trying to find out who we were. We challenged, and two men promptly bolted, but three others came in and gave themselves up, and as one of these had a bottle of whisky on him, he was greeted with effusion. It dawned at length, and we found ourselves in a donga about three miles north-west of the station. Great was our relief, on getting to Elandslaagte, that the place was still in English hands.

Such is my own experience of Elandslaagte. I fear it is very feeble, and won't be of much use to you. I see in my diary I have written only—

Elandslaagte.

Cavalry scouting.

Artillery duel.

Infantry advance.

Infantry assault.

Cavalry charge and pursuit.

Lost myself and spent night on the veldt.

Probably the prettiest day's fighting I shall ever see.

As a whole, I think that this is a much better description !

Ever yours sincerely,

JOHN NORWOOD.

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SERGEANT TAYLOR'S STORY.

Elandslaagte, October 21, 1899.

All know how we left camp the morning of the battle of Elandslaagte, and how we scrambled for our biscuits, and quickly reached Modder Spruit, and met the Natal Field Artillery retiring ; how we formed line beyond the Spruit and dismounted, whilst patrols were sent out to the front. Shortly afterwards we heard a few shots fired, and saw our scouts coming back ; they had evidently found what they were looking for, as our artillery was immediately brought up, and opened fire, with the result the Boers were seen riding off pretty quickly—and they rode harder before the day was finished !

The 4th Troop of " D " squadron under Lieutenant Travers formed the advance party, and we rode towards a kopje which the Boers occupied. We were within 500 yards of them when they opened fire ; in retiring, we had to pass through an opening in a wire fence, at which the Boers concentrated their fire, wounding one horse, " D " 1.

We rejoined the squadron, and shortly after were ordered to escort the guns, which took up a position (after crossing the railway) on a rise about a mile to the right front.

We had had our first taste of Mauser ; we now for the first time heard the screech and thud of the shell !

This position was a little too far from the Boer position, as their guns overreached ours, so we were pushed forward at a gallop to a more favourable one, about 500 yards nearer the Dutchmen.

Our chums the infantry were skirmishing towards the laager, and we could see the remainder of our squadron moving quickly across the plain to our left front.

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This relieved us from the artillery fire, as the guns were turned off us, and blazed away at them. Independent firing commenced from the infantry and increased into a roar, which continued through a terrific shower, and only slackened in the evening. As the Boers commenced to retire, I saw no more and knew no more until I heard the cheers of victory. They could not be mistaken for Boer cheers ; they were made in England !

I was struck with the cool behaviour of my men, who paid as little attention to the Boer shells as they would to snow-balls. They kept perfect intervals, and had they been old and seasoned veterans, could not have shown more indifference to danger from shot or shell. We did not charge, but played our part, and felt our way to the railway crossing, where we bivouacked.

On the following morning we went to the Boer laager, crossing exactly the same ground over which our comrades had twice been through the enemy the previous evening. At the laager we saw the frightful havoc wrought by our shrapnel.

Over this we draw a veil ; and with our two captured guns, more like Red Indians on the war-path, we returned triumphantly to Ladysmith. I must not forget the two captured Boer flags. The much-lauded Vier-kleur stuck on a whip-stick suffered the indignity of being rolled up, stuck under a Kaffir's arm, and brought in like an old umbrella !

(Signed) G. TAYLOR, Sergeant.

SERGEANT SAVAGE'S STORY.

On the morning of the 21st October, 1899, we had a sudden "turn out"—we had had 'em before—and little expected that this was to be the best day of the whole War.

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As we left camp we were supplied with biscuits "on the move," each man catching as many as he could as he galloped past the supply box! On arriving at Modder Spruit we dismounted, looked round our horses, and awaited orders.

A short time afterwards the Natal Field Artillery passed us in their retirement. These men had actually *seen* the Boers—in fact, come within shooting range of their own guns—and we all hoped to come to much closer quarters before the day was done.

We received the order to mount, and saw our gallant infantry scrambling into the railway trucks again.

The 4th Troop then moved off to reconnoitre the front, which they did so effectually as to give us our first sight of our enemy. The remainder of the squadron, after crossing the spruit, formed line in extended order and dismounted, waiting.

Shortly afterwards our advanced patrols came in and reported having been fired on by the enemy, and Captain Reynolds, who had taken out an officer's patrol, also returned, having found the Boers, and evidently been fired on, as I heard him say, "Too close to be pleasant." Our artillery (not the Natal Volunteers)—21st and 42nd Batteries—was now brought up, and one gun opened fire on the kopjes to our left front. The position had evidently been well defined by our scouts, as no sooner did the first shell burst, than Johnny Boer was seen scooting away as hard as he could to other cover—not, however, without being followed up by our shells, which looked to be jolly well placed.

Now the 2nd Troop under Captain Reynolds was pushed forward to search the kopjes from which the Boers had just been driven.

Meanwhile the infantry were manœuvring on our right, and for a time we saw no more of them.

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I was riding in the centre of Captain Reynolds' troop. We reconnoitred these hills without any further excitement, and feared we had seen the last of our foes. Working round to the right, we came down a nek in the kopje, and at the foot of this stretched an open plain right away to the Boers' main position. A body of cavalry was moving across this towards the railway, and shells were falling round them, between troops and, I believe, even between ranks. Our troops halted in widely extended files, watching. Something whirled past and struck the earth some distance to the right of us—we were under fire for the first time! Another shell came, a little closer; and instead of our fellows being shaky, there was nothing but laughter and jokes on their bad shooting; Butler actually sang a parody on "The Light Brigade," commencing "Boers to the right of us," etc. Yet another splash—this time a bit too close—and no move made. Captain Reynolds, quite oblivious or utterly ignoring the shell-fire, was watching the cavalry advance across the plain.

I rode up to him, drawing his attention to the closeness of the last shell. I might just as well have saved myself the trouble, as he had not missed a single detail, and coolly gave the order, "File left—*walk* march!" We afterwards broke into a "quietly on" trot, and crossing the railway, joined our comrades who had drawn the fire of the Boer artillery. We dismounted in line at open files, and watched the progress of the battle which was now raging. Such a rattle of musketry, such a booming of guns, and after a while such a downpour of rain as would satisfy the keenest war correspondent (provided he was first at the post): the rain part of the business more than satisfied us—in fact, it saturated us. The rain ceased—"Stand to your horses!"—"Mount!" and we took up a position commanding the Boers' line of retreat, and waited, mounted still in extended

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line. After a while the firing slackened, and a few straggling horsemen were seen making off northwards. Each man said, "Why don't we go for 'em?" but the time was not for a few moments. Then more came, and now was our chance; we got the order to advance. This was easier said than done; at least, from where I was, as a bad donga stopped our progress. Did I say stopped! I should say only helped to get us up to concert pitch; a momentary check and all were over. Captain Darbyshire was down and up again like an acrobat, and we swept on; I myself heard no further order. I saw Captain Reynolds draw his sword, and endeavoured to follow him, keeping the troop together, taking pace from the centre.

The pace increased, on and on, until we could see and pick out our man. After this I no longer tried to follow my troop leader, but rode as hard as I could for that one man. As I approached him, he dropped off his pony (a grey) and fired at some one to the right. I overtook him, and rode on for another who was some little distance in front. This fellow, by the time I got up to him, was laid on his back, and looked so helpless and so much like a civilian, that I took his arms and ammunition, and as by this time the troops were rallying, I marched him up a prisoner and handed him over to Corporal Howard, who was taking over the prisoners. This man, whilst I had my lance to his breast, asked for no mercy, but handed over his arms as a soldier who could do no more. I took the precaution to make him hand me the butt first. There was nothing of the coward about him. Colonel Gore rallied the brigade, or the two squadrons of different regiments, and we moved towards the Boer position, or what had been the Boer position. By this time it was quite dusk, and as we neared the hospital with the red cross flying, we were fired on, and all that could be seen distinctly was the flash of carbine

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and revolver. I saw Captain Reynolds get a very close shave, the flash actually blinding him for the moment; but on my inquiring if he was hit, he said, "No, I am all right; ride on," and the whole line seemed to sweep round to the left, and I saw no more Boers for a time. It had now become dark, and we again quickly rallied 5th Dragoon Guards on the right, 5th Lancers on the left. Colonel St. J. Gore gave a short address, and called upon the "two fifths" for three cheers. I heard the cheer of millions all along the route of the Jubilee procession, but never heard such a cheer as came from the 200 or so, and I am sure the Boers never heard anything like it before.

We now with some difficulty made our way to the station; guides had to be sent ahead with lanterns to show the road; the darkness could be felt, and those who a few moments before were trying to let the Boers at Dundee know we'd won, dare not speak above a whisper, and smoking was out of the question. We had to halt some little time on the road, and I happened to be quite close to the Colonel and Captain Darbyshire, when the Colonel asked for a N.C.O. and man to go to the rear of the column and listen. I called a man, and Private New followed me; riding some twenty or thirty yards to the rear, we halted and listened. I distinctly heard voices, and rode a little further forward and challenged. With some hesitation, six of the enemy slowly came forward, giving themselves up as prisoners; they were in a sorry plight, and two of them were held up by the others, who said they were wounded; one of them told me his two brothers had both been killed that day; another was an Irishman. I took their arms and ammunition (one only had a "Mauser;" the others had thrown them away, to get away). I had belts of ammunition slung on my sword-hilt, and over the butt of my carbine; and round my neck were three Mausers, a pair of field-glasses, and a satchel of ammunition,

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whilst the pockets of my warm coat were full as they could hold of loose ammunition. Private New searched them, and we (one riding at either side) followed the column. The prisoners seemed so wretched and down-hearted that it never struck me they required securing, or anything better than the lance at either side to keep them on the move; it was so dark that I had to stoop to keep sight of them, and but for one who had a light-coloured coat, should have found it necessary to tie them. I had frequently to speak to New so that we should not straggle. We arrived at the station shortly after the squadron, and Colonel Gore was parading the prisoners. I reported to him, and handed over the prisoners. My troop was being "linked," and after seeing them square, I took some men to a train which we had retaken from the Boers and got a few sacks of corn (I suppose our horses afterwards thought of that feed in Ladysmith!), and then looked after ourselves. I got tea galore, a box of tinned milk, and several other little luxuries too numerous to mention. But for this train this glorious day would have ended in a wretched night. It was cold, frightfully cold, for the poor fellows on the hillside, and, to pile on their agony, the rain had settled into a steady drizzle. This thought must have prompted Captain Reynolds to come to his troop for volunteers to do what we could for the wounded; several were at once ready, though the tea was being made, and they were hungry—just a little. They were a great deal hungrier afterwards! The only man I can remember was 3817 Corbett. Captain Reynolds and I went to the station and asked for a lamp, stating our purpose; but as there was no one who thought men's lives of more consequence than railway lamps, we "commandeered" one which has been doing good service (not on the N.G.R.) ever since.

I'll pass over the struggle over kopje stones to the scene

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of the battle, and the ground over which the infantry had made their attack. The lamps of search-parties—Briton and Boers—flickered out in many places, and the calls to attract the attention of the wounded could be heard in every direction. We had a whistle, and blew it occasionally, then listened ; we were some time before we found any one, and then near a wire fence we came across a few who had fallen quite close together. All the wounded had been attended to, so that we could do no more than give them a drink, and if possible cover them over. There were no complaints ; one fellow asked me for a cigarette, and an officer of the Manchesters, though shot in the groin and in terrible pain, only said what a grand fight it had been ! The wounded seemed to suffer from the cold more than their wounds, and one poor fellow of the Gordons asked me to take the cloak off a dead man—he was so cold. We did all we could, which was, I'm afraid, very little, and made our way back to the bivouac, where a concoction, consisting, as near as I can say, of five parts water, three condensed milk, one of tea, and the other one something strongly suspected of being brandy, was served out. As we came in, Captain Reynolds asked me to get him some tea, and I managed a mess-tin full of this mixture—I think he liked it. We sat over the fires most of the night ; but though our faces were scorched, our backs were cold, and I thought of those on the field:

The next morning early we were taken by the commanding officer over the exact ground we had charged over, and searched for wounded and dead ; but so effectually had the ambulance people done their work, that very few, if any, were found. As we came up to the laager, we saw what a natural fortress the enemy had been driven from, and within a sort of basin, a very grim proof of our gunners' good shooting. Broken waggons, disembowelled ponies, one ox with its head blown off, scattered clothing, saddlery, portmanteaux,

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cartridges, tinned meat, and even ladies' shoes with French heels; and all this in a mud puddle, and viewed through a drizzle of rain. We were allowed to dismount for a few minutes, while the officers were at work putting the wounded animals out of misery.

Loaded with many-coloured rugs, Mausers, bandoliers, etc., and with two captured field-pieces, we commenced our triumphant march to Ladysmith. I fell asleep in the saddle many times.

We had some wretched specimens of the Hollanders as prisoners, who seemed highly elated at being so lucky as to be taken prisoners so soon, and so well out of the whole thing. We got back to the Show Ground Camp without anything worth relating, and spent the evening practising the pronunciation of *Elandslaag-té*, with a very marked and acute accent on the final "é."

(Signed) WM. C. SAVAGE, Sergeant,
5th Dragoon Guards.

Oct. 22, Sunday.—The squadron turned out at dawn, having been ordered to reconnoitre the battle-field in case any wounded men had been left out. In the dim light saw figures hurrying away: men who had been removing the dead and wounded. The field was almost clear of men; we only saw one dead and one wounded man on the ground where we had charged.

The ground was strewn, however, with Mauser rifles, saddles, men's kits, and half-empty bandoliers. Many a riderless pony stood, or wandered aimlessly about this part of the field, telling his tale of the missing hand to which he used to look for guidance,

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in eloquent silence. We took many of these and brought them into camp, later in the day. In three or four instances unwounded Boers, making signs of submission, made their way towards us and surrendered : they seemed quite glad to be taken, and to be, at any rate, in a place of safety with us. These we mounted on some of the captured ponies, and brought in with us. The Boer camp—where their last stand was made—was still a scene of wreck and carnage, though parties had been working all night removing the wounded, etc.

A doctor there (one of the " Geneva " people) who was attached to the Boers, was doing good work to Boers and British alike : he told me that the slaughter among the Boers had been very great ; so, alas ! were our own infantry losses. A few tents remained standing, and from some of them protruded the arm or leg of some Thing that had been a man yesterday. A Kaffir still knelt behind a waggon, rigid and motionless, his head pierced by a bullet. Near the two guns which our infantry had captured lay a stalwart Staats Artillery man—his sightless eyes upturned to Heaven—near the gun he had helped to fire at us during the afternoon before. Two standards, one of the Transvaal and one of the Orange Free State, were among the trophies found in the tents.

To the 5th Dragoon Guards was allotted the honour of escorting home the two captured guns, and they were the last troops to leave the battle-field, reaching Ladysmith about 1 p.m.

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Now we return to "B" and "C" squadrons at Deolali :—

Sept. 27.—Veterinary inspection held. Veterinary officer reported the two squadrons fit to proceed to South Africa.

Sept. 28.—"B" and "C" squadrons arrived at Bombay, and took over 1 Maxim gun from the Ordnance Department.

After the horses were detrained, another case of anthrax was found amongst the horses of "C" squadron. In the afternoon orders were received from Simla to return to Deolali and remain there in quarantine for ten days ; if no further case appeared, the squadrons to proceed to South Africa.

The whole of the horses and baggage had to be again entrained in the dark.

Sept. 29.—Arrived back again at Deolali.

Oct. 4.—Major Edwards left Deolali for Bombay, and embarked in B.I.S.N.Co.'s *Upada* for Durban to rejoin his squadron.

Oct. 6.—No further case of anthrax has appeared up to date.

Orders received : "If no orders are received to the contrary, entrain for Bombay 7th instant."

Oct. 7.—"B" and "C" squadrons left Deolali for Bombay.

Oct. 8.—"B" and "C" squadrons arrived Bombay, and embarked in the B.I.S.N.Co.'s transport *Verawa* and *Patiala* respectively.

In embarking, "C" squadron beat the previous

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time record held by the 19th Hussars by 40 minutes, embarking the whole of the horses (by slinging), baggage, kits, etc., in 1 hour 40 minutes.

The transports sailed at 11.30 a.m., the *Verawa* under Major Heneage and the *Patiala* under Captain Hoare, strengths as under—

Verawa: 6 officers, 153 N.C.O.'s and men, 20 chargers, 170 squadron horses, and 12 mules.

Patiala: 7 officers, 154 W. and N.C.O.'s and men, 21 chargers, 123 squadron horses, and 12 mules with 1 Maxim gun.

Oct. 22.—“C” squadron on s.s. *Patiala*, arrived and disembarked at Durban at 8 a.m. It left in two trains for Ladysmith at 6 p.m. Two horses were injured in the trucks *en route*, and were left at Maritzburg. These trucks were iron open ones, and very slippery. It rained all night. All mounted corps suffered very much on this part of the journey, and reported it to be the worst part of the whole movement.

AT LADYSMITH.

Oct. 23.—“D” squadron had a well-merited rest in camp, after their return from Elandslaagte.

“C” squadron arrived Ladysmith 10.30 a.m., and joined “D” squadron in camp.

Oct. 25.—“B” squadron arrived at Durban on s.s. *Verawa*, having lost one horse on the voyage; they were entrained, and left for Ladysmith the same day.

Oct. 26.—“B” squadron arrived at Ladysmith, and

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joined the other two squadrons in camp. The whole regiment was now together again.

"C" squadron went on outpost duty to Limit Hill, about three miles out on the Newcastle Road, at 4.30 p.m., and remained there for 24 hours.

Oct. 27.—"D" squadron, 5th Dragoon Guards, and three squadrons 5th Lancers, all under Major Gore, went at 8 a.m. to "drift" on Klip River, three miles north of Pieters Station—a very bad country for cavalry—reporting there to General French, commanding cavalry in Natal. At 4 p.m. this force went along the Helpmakaar Road, about three miles beyond Lombard's Kop, and joined a large force of all arms which had come out from Ladysmith. Bivouacked there, expecting to attack enemy at 3 a.m.

Elsewhere about 100 Boer ponies, many of them with saddles and kits on them, stampeded past through "C" squadron on Limit Hill during the afternoon. A good haul was made of useful things : an excellent mackintosh which had belonged to one "M. Viljoen" was presented by Captain Eustace to his commanding officer the following day. "B" squadron relieved "C" squadron at Limit Hill at night.

Oct. 28.—Orders for attack countermanded. "D" squadron and all our troops returned to Ladysmith at 4 p.m.

Major Hilliard, C.M.G., R.A.M.C., took medical charge of the regiment.

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At Limit Hill during the afternoon two mounted Boers came too close to our squadron, and being fired on by us they dismounted, tied their ponies to a fence, and ran away out of shot. They then held up their rifles and made signals of truce, as if they had a man wounded to whom they wanted to get. Major-General Hunter happened to be on the spot and saw the occurrence. We did not fire. The two Boers advanced till they got to their ponies, still making vehement truce-signals; they then mounted and—rode away! No doubt they thought themselves very smart. This incident shows the confidence the Boers had in the respect shown by the English for the white flag; we do *not* reciprocate this feeling! Our picquet reported the enemy to be working on Pepworth Hill about 3000 yards in our front from Limit Hill, getting guns up apparently.

Oct. 29.—Sent out the seven patrols—same as before—at 4 a.m. Two men came in at 6 a.m. They had been fired on near Smith's Crossing (on the line to Van Reenen's Pass), and Corporal Kellock had fallen. This corporal came in later, uninjured.

Oct. 30.—We were behind Limit Hill before dawn, and saw the Boers' gun "Long Tom" on Pepworth Hill fire his first shot, which fell into the town and burst. The bombardment had begun! The official report of the part taken by the 5th Dragoon Guards in the day's operations is here given:—

The Green Horse in Ladysmith

*From the Officer Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards to
the Brigade-Major of Cavalry, Ladysmith.*

SIR,

I have the honour to report as follows upon the action near Lombard's Kop on 30th October, 1899 :—

The 5th Dragoon Guards paraded at 3.30 a.m., and rendezvoused at Limit Hill at 4.30 a.m. with other troops. During the artillery engagement the 5th Dragoon Guards remained at this spot, sending out an officer's patrol with special orders to endeavour to communicate with a force which had been despatched from Ladysmith in the direction of Walker's Hoek Farm * at 11 p.m. the previous evening. Second Lieutenant Norwood and 14 N.C.O.'s and men went on this duty. The action of this patrol has already been fully described by me, in a special report, inviting the very favourable notice of the Commander-in-chief to the gallant conduct of Second Lieutenant Norwood and Private W. Sibthorpe, 5th Dragoon Guards, in bringing in a wounded comrade (Private Mouncer) under a very heavy fire. They were unable to carry out their object, in spite of repeated attempts from different quarters.

At 7.15 a.m. I received orders to proceed with two squadrons, and join Major-General French's force near Lombard's Kop. I took "B" and "D" squadrons with me, and went under the personal leading of General Brocklehurst. The country we had to pass over was covered with strong thorny scrub, intersected with nullahs, and very rocky—most unfavourable for cavalry. We joined General French in a most difficult nullah at the foot of the eastern slope of Lombard's Kop. I here received an order to dismount by sections with carbines, and simultaneously

* This was the "Nicholson's Nek" force.—ST. J. G.

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the enemy, from a hill commanding the entrance to this nullah, opened a sharp rifle fire upon us while dismounting. The led horses were taken away by Major Edwards, and hidden in a winding watercourse, at some little distance. I took the dismounted men of my two squadrons, and advanced about 500 yards to my front along the hillside, gradually extending them all upwards. During this movement my casualties were as follows: One horse killed, and two wounded; a guide of the Imperial Light Horse who was attending upon me also had his horse shot. On gaining the ridge sloping down from right to left, which was my objective, I found that the enemy were threatening our right flank. I lined this ridge with dismounted men, and fired volleys into the scrub on the hill in my front, on the top of which there was also a small "sangar." One of our batteries now came into action from a position in my rear, firing over our heads at the same objective.

The situation remained almost the same from 9 a.m. until 12.30. During this period I saw a British battery arrive on our right flank, and come into action from the low ground on our right rear; this battery was subsequently forced to retire.

Meantime I had seen our infantry attack issue from my left rear, and apparently retire again towards Ladysmith: a battery which galloped forward to support this infantry was also soon forced to limber up and retire, leaving one gun behind it. In view of this I sent Lieutenant Home down to General Brocklehurst with this information, asking if he had any fresh orders. I then received an order from him to withdraw my men and mount. I waited till the 18th Hussars (who had been lining the same ridge above me) had withdrawn past me, and then led my men back to their horses. All the cavalry at this part of the field mounted and retired: in doing so my regiment became

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mixed up in the nullah with men of the 18th Hussars and Imperial Light Horse, the whole making their way towards the Helpmakaar Road over an extremely difficult country. During this unavoidable confusion, the enemy kept up a steady shell-fire, causing the following casualties :—

No. 4556 Private F. Miller—wounded, shoulder.

No. 4506 Lance-Corporal Dalziel—wounded, scalp.

Two horses wounded.

Meantime "C" squadron, under Captain Eustace, remained behind Limit Hill until 11 a.m.

He was then ordered to take his squadron to the Commander-in-chief, whom he found in the direction of Lombard's Kop. He next received orders to assist a cavalry picquet which was being pressed on the Helpmakaar Road. He reported himself to Lieut.-Colonel Fawcett, 5th Lancers, at this picquet, and received from him orders to cover the retirement of No. 69 Field Battery R.A. (Major Wing's). He did so, retiring with it as its escort under artillery fire. He afterwards rejoined the regiment on the Helpmakaar Road.

I re-formed my regiment upon the Helpmakaar Road, and then received orders to return to camp, nothing further of note occurring.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) ST. JOHN GORE, Major,
Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards.

Ladysmith, 7.11.99.

The following is a report from the officer commanding "D" squadron of the action of Second Lieutenant Norwood's patrol :—

The Green Horse in Ladysmith

*From the Officer Commanding "D" Squadron to
the Officer Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards.*

SIR,

I have the honour to report the conspicuous gallantry of Second Lieutenant John Norwood and No. 3720 Private William Sibthorpe, 5th Dragoon Guards, both of "D" squadron, this morning during the action. While the regiment was under cover of Limit Hill this morning, the officer mentioned was ordered to take his troop and examine and find out position of the column (2nd Battalion Irish Fusiliers and 1st Mountain Battery) that were sent out last night to take up a position on our left flank in the vicinity of Walker's Farm. Owing to the proximity of the enemy at Bell's Spruit, who fired on him, he tried another line; this was unsuccessful, so he attempted another. This was also unsuccessful, so he attempted another more to the north-west towards Smith's Crossing. Here he was met with a heavy musketry fire, and ordered his troop to retire; during the retirement Second Lieutenant Norwood was in rear of his troop, and on No. 4539 Private Mouncer, who was hit by a bullet in the throat, falling from his horse, he dismounted and picked up the wounded man on his back, and began to walk in with him. Private Sibthorpe hereupon returned to Second Lieutenant Norwood's assistance and assisted in carrying the man.

No. 3352 Sergeant Harris of the same troop, having got the men under cover, returned to assist Second Lieutenant Norwood and Private Sibthorpe; the wounded man was put on Sergeant Harris's horse. They were under a heavy fire from the enemy, who were on the side of the hill about 400 yards off.

The wounded man was left with a picquet of the 19th Hussars who were on the north-west of Limit Hill. I

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believe the officer in charge of this picquet witnessed most of this, but Second Lieutenant Norwood could not give me his name.

On his return to the regiment Second Lieutenant Norwood reported his failure to General Sir George White, but it was not until Private Sibthorpe's gallant act had been reported to me by his officer, Second Lieutenant Norwood, that I knew anything about this officer's part in it, for on my talking to Private Sibthorpe he remarked, "He only followed his officer's example." I then questioned Sergeant Harris mentioned above; he corroborated Private Sibthorpe's description of Second Lieutenant Norwood's act.

This officer informed Sir George White that if he would allow him to take his troop dismounted, he thought he could get well into the valley, and perhaps accomplish the object he was sent out to attain. He was ordered to rejoin his regiment.

It is against the expressed wish of Second Lieutenant Norwood that I reported his share in this act of gallantry.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

H. HOARE, Captain,

Commanding "D" squadron, 5th Dragoon Guards.

Ladysmith, 30.10.99.

*II.—To D.A.A.G. Cavalry, Ladysmith. Forwarded
for information of General Officer Commanding
Cavalry Division.*

I would wish to recommend most warmly Second Lieutenant John Norwood and No. 3720 Private William Sibthorpe, both of the 5th Dragoon Guards, for the highest honours of

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a soldier, for their gallant action in bringing away a wounded comrade out of the trap in which they found themselves.

(Signed) ST. JOHN GORE, Major,
Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards.

Ladysmith, 1st November, 1899.

Second Lieutenant Norwood has since been recommended by his commanding officer for the "Victoria Cross," and Private Sibthorpe for the "Distinguished Conduct Medal."

It was most difficult to see any enemy to-day: one heard shots, and heard the bullets pass, but could see no signs of any men who were firing: the smokeless powder makes it a very difficult job to estimate either the position or numbers of an enemy. It was even impossible to locate field-guns if they were in places where the dust raised by the discharge could not be seen. The repeating one-pounder gun was first heard by us this morning: "Pong—pong—pong—pong—pong!" It quickly became known as "the meat-chopper." This is a most useful gun to have, and I should like one to be attached to each cavalry regiment of *ours*. Its moral effect is good: it caused one of our field batteries to retire, as the commander could not see this gun, and was powerless against it consequently. I should like to have shares in this gun! Ladysmith was practically besieged from to-day.

Captain Holden, from 4th Dragoon Guards on promotion into the 5th Dragoon Guards, and Second Lieutenants Kearsley and Kinnear joined the 5th Dragoon Guards this morning.

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These two Second lieutenants actually joined the regiment *under fire*, as the bombardment was going on when they came into camp to report themselves. A good beginning for them!

Oct. 31.—The regiment went to Helpmakaar Post for the day—the south-eastern end of our defences. Saw enemy working on a spur of Lombard's Kop.

Our patrols were fired on.

Nov. 1.—A quiet day.

Nov. 2.—The regiment turned out at 2.45 a.m. Went out in the dark on the Colenso Road with other cavalry and artillery. Our guns surprised a Boer laager at breakfast. When the Boers at length got a gun into action, we had finished, and limbered up to go; they sent one or two shells near us without effect. On arrival near our river-bank camp, we prudently did not march straight into it. One troop was sent to water first; it was instantly fired at from Lombard's Kop, and had to clear out sharp! The regiment was then put among the trees along the roadsides out of view, and remained there while we changed the site of our camp to the plain beneath Cove Hill, where we slept for this night—next the 5th Lancers. This is a bad site for a cavalry camp, fully exposed to both view and fire from three sides; however, it was chosen for us.

Nov. 3.—The regiment went at about 4 a.m.—all dismounted—to a spot near the railway station, as a sort of reserve to the Helpmakaar section (thus acting as infantry in the early part of the day), remaining

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there till 7.30 a.m., when it returned to camp. At 8.20 a.m. the regiment received orders to turn out again—this time mounted—and they acted as cavalry, as shown in the official report now following :—

From the Officer Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry, Ladysmith.

SIR,

I have the honour to report on the action near the Long Valley on November 3rd, 1899, as follows :—

The 5th Dragoon Guards received orders in camp at 8.20 a.m. to rendezvous at Range Post. "D" squadron was ordered to escort our battery, and the remaining two squadrons to follow it. I kept them echeloned on the right rear of the guns, in line, at half-extended files—the escort squadron being in a similar position on the left of the guns, and nearer to them. When our guns came into action, the second shell fired by the enemy struck the ground a few yards in front of my escorting squadron, and bursting, I regret to say it dangerously wounded the squadron leader, Captain H. Hoare, 5th Dragoon Guards, striking him upon the skull ; the same shell also wounded the horse ridden by Lieutenant Watson, 5th Dragoon Guards, who was leading a troop. This gun of the enemy's being quickly silenced no further casualties occurred at this time.

About 2.30 p.m. I was ordered by General Brocklehurst to endeavour to extricate some of the Imperial Light Horse—who had pushed on too far—from a difficult position in which they had become involved.

I rode out to where the main body of the Imperial Light Horse were lying dismounted in a nullah, and from there I could see that the dismounted men of one of their squadrons were lying down under a small ridge, about seven or eight

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hundred yards from the crest-line held by the enemy. I then sent back for "B" squadron of my regiment commanded by Major Heneage, and put the horses into the nullah, and lined the banks with dismounted men. I detached from here two troops of dismounted men, under Lieutenants Dunbar and Home, and ordered them to work round in front of my right, and take up a position to cover the retreat of the Imperial Light Horse with fire. I also ordered them to send a man to the advance party of the Imperial Light Horse already mentioned, with orders from General Brocklehurst that they were to retire. This duty was well performed by No. 4498 Private L. Burgess, 5th Dragoon Guards, who made his way to the advanced men under a very hot fire, delivered his message, and subsequently had to retire with the rest from this hot corner. Meantime our guns were playing on the crests of the Kopjes in our front, and on our left front, and I also fired volleys in quick succession with all my men at the same objective, directing my men to fire over the top of their backsights (1500 yards). [The range proved to be about 1800 yards, and as I could not sight my carbines for this distance, as a makeshift I directed my men to fire at the edge of a white cloud which happened to be about the required distance above the crest-line. These volleys produced a noticeable effect, and several times the fire of the enemy was temporarily silenced. I mention this incident merely because it shows that our men were armed with a weapon of inferior range, and could only return unaimed fire for the accurately aimed fire, to which we were soon after exposed.*] Under cover of this fire the advanced squadron of the Imperial Light Horse commenced doubling back, and received a tremendous fire in doing so, which

* We have received new carbines since the siege: we were then the only regiment that had *not* got the new carbine.—
St. J. G.

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nothing could keep down. They ultimately regained their horses in the nullah where I was. My two advanced troops were now ably withdrawn by Lieutenant Dunbar without any casualties. I then arranged with the officer commanding Imperial Light Horse that his men should make the first retirement, covered by me. He galloped back about 500 yards under fire, and then dismounted to cover my retirement. The enemy now knew what to expect, and had got our range : when we came out of the nullah we were met with a hot and accurate fire, as we galloped away, and No. 4374 Private Thomas Page, 5th Dragoon Guards, was killed. I wish to commend to your notice (and I believe General Brocklehurst saw the incident) the conduct of Lieutenant the Hon. R. L. Pomeroy, 5th Dragoon Guards, at this time. While trying to mount, a horse belonging to one of my men broke away from him when outside the nullah. Lieutenant Pomeroy halted under the fire, took the man up behind him on his own horse, and brought him safely in. I then marched my regiment back to camp with the remainder of our force, and nothing further of interest occurred.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) ST. JOHN GORE, Major,
Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards.

Ladysmith, 7.11.99.

Note.—The cavalry were followed all the way back to camp by shells from the various long-range guns of the enemy, many of which could fire right across our lines of defence from the far side of them. "Long Tom," for instance, could put shells very accurately on to the road leading over Range Post, from Pepworth Hill—about 9000 yards' range !

[*Note.*—Our books say that 4000 yards is an extreme range for artillery ! This might be amended with advantage !]



GREEN HORSE VALLEY FROM POUNDBURY HILL
(showing Gun Hill, Lombard's Kop, Helpmakaar Post, and Bulwana).

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The Green Horse in Ladysmith

Nov. 4.—"B" and "C" squadrons went to hold Observation Hill (about 1500 yards north-east of our defence line) on outpost duty. "D" squadron went to Limit Hill. Some Boers gradually occupied the wooded ridge running south from Limit Hill, and forced "D" squadron under Captain Darbyshire to retire about midday, receiving a smart rifle and shell-fire while doing so, without casualty. Limit Hill was not again held by us after this. It was never intended to hold it permanently: much too far out.

Nov. 5, Sunday.—The Boers do not bombard on Sundays—an excellent plan! The commanding officer and adjutant spent the morning looking for a place more sheltered than Cove Hill Camp to put the 5th Dragoon Guards in during the now inevitable bombardment. Ladysmith is now commanded by long-range Boer guns from three sides, so cover *from view* is all that can be hoped for. A place was selected near the house of the Commander-in-chief, Sir George White, on the left bank of the River Klip, about a quarter of a mile above the Poort Road, which runs through a small defile from the camp to the town. The Imperial Light Horse were camped on the opposite bank. Here trees gave fair shelter from view from the guns on Isimbulwana Mountain, and those subsequently placed on the spur of Lombard's Kop. This place was christened "Green Horse Valley" by Major Gore. In the afternoon the whole regiment paraded dismounted with entrenching tools, and made underground splinter-proofs (which were

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ultimately increased in number to twenty-three) as protection from shells. A road was also made so as to be able to enter and leave the valley more easily.

Nov. 6.—"B" and "C" squadrons on outpost duty at Observation Hill. "C" went to Green Horse Valley for the day, and continued improvements there. A quiet day. Very little bombardment.

Nov. 7.—All the regiment went at 4.30 a.m. to Green Horse Valley, linked horses, and spent the day there till dark.

A heavy bombardment, but no shells came near us. Our camp at Cove Hill, where we had left our tents standing, was heavily shelled! A good thing we were out of it! We are now taking it by turns with the 5th Lancers to do outpost duty on Observation Hill every second day.

Nov. 8.—Two squadrons at Observation Hill, one at Green Horse Valley.

The Boers had now come within 1700 yards' range of the north-west end of Observation Hill, and from this time onward kept up constant "sniping" at my sentries, which we occasionally returned: our Maxim gun was also posted at this spot, under Second Lieutenant Melvill and Sergeant Heath, in a "sangan" made for it. A forty-pounder howitzer had now been placed on Surprise Hill by the Boers, and it had an intermittent duel with our Naval Brigade's 4.7 gun mounted on Cove Hill. Their shots passed directly over our heads, and it was an interesting sight to watch.

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The Boers this morning sent in a convoy of civilian prisoners whom they had taken at Dundee. Major Gore, Lieutenant and Adjutant Winwood and staff went to meet the flag of truce on the Newcastle Road, and halted the convoy there. After an interesting talk with the Boer escort, we said good-bye to them, turned back for our lines, and rode off at a walk with the white flag still flying. Before we had gone 200 yards, a shell was fired at us. It struck the ground 30 yards short of the party, and sent stones and dirt over us without further harm. This disgraceful breach by the Boers was officially reported to headquarters.

The officer commanding also suggested to headquarters that the Boers would probably try to take Observation Hill West, and that an infantry picquet to hold it at night would be a wise thing.

Nov. 9.—The regiment went to Green Horse Valley. A heavy bombardment began as the sun rose from guns on all sides. An attack was made on Observation Hill, and we sent two battalions to repel it. An attack was also made on Cæsar's camp. It is believed the Boers *meant* to take Ladysmith this day.

The birthday of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was celebrated at 12 noon by a salute of 21 guns (fired by the Naval Brigade, with shotted guns at the enemy's positions), and three ringing cheers from all corps in garrison.

At 3.30 p.m. the regiment received orders to "go to the railway station at once, and report there to Colonel

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Knox." It reached the station unfired at, for some unexplained reason, and was dismounted in the road, at right angles to the line of fire from the Bulwana gun. Presently this gun fired six shells, which went about 100 yards over our heads, fortunately: they must have thought we were hiding in the *next* of the three parallel roads. At 5 p.m. orders were received that we were not required, and the regiment returned to camp at dusk without casualty. A mistake had occurred in the order.

Nov. 10.—Observation Hill. Well-sustained sniping going on at west end. There are now four companies of the 60th Rifles well entrenched there. Very glad of it. Heavy rain at 3 p.m.; our outpost squadrons were relieved about 6.30 p.m.

Nov. 11.—Parade and exercise at 4 a.m. Then to Green Horse Valley. Drizzling rain and misty; Boers could not see to shoot. Regiment came up to Cove Hill camp under cover of the mist at 10.30 a.m., and started "Stables" and a good clean up. It cleared about 12.30. Then "Bulwana" fired a shell at us short; a second, nearer up; a third, just over the heads of "B" squadron on the far flank. Order given to turn out at once! Went to Green Horse Valley for rest of day. All very angry; but "what can we do?" "No matter—a time will come." A cavalry regiment in a bombarded town is *not* in its element!

Nov. 12.—"D" and "C" squadrons marched off at 2. 45 a.m. for Observation Hill; they went *dismounted*,

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by request of the officer commanding. This bit of country is as bad for cavalry as it possibly can be ; one must make the best of it. The horses are led to Green Horse Valley for the day, and eat and drink there in comfort. The men have not got to hold them all day, and are much better off without horses. The Commander-in-Chief also sanctioned a request made by Major Gore that any spare Lee-Metford rifles should be issued to the 5th Dragoon Guards. About 45 were thus issued, and our men were then able to compete with the Mauser rifles of the opposing snipers under less disadvantageous terms. Being Sunday, there was no bombardment.

Nov. 13.—To Green Horse Valley at 4.30 a.m. for the day.

Nov. 14.—Two squadrons to Observation Hill at 3 a.m. Heavy bombardment in morning. This hill is generally pretty free from shells.

Saw several bursting in our camp ; enemy are not quite sure whether we are there or not. Had a good view of an attack by the remainder of the cavalry and two batteries, on Rifleman's Ridge, with its one Boer gun. They ultimately withdrew, after firing a lot of rounds. The Boer gun, which had been temporarily silenced, came into action again, and shelled our people home : they were not supported by infantry, so could not push the attack home. Saw the shells from "Long Tom," at Pepworth Hill, falling on the road at Range Post—one just missing a returning battery, by a miracle ! "B" squadron, at

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Observation Hill West, having invited the commanding officer and adjutant to tea there, had an extremely warm 20 minutes. Though the picquet was on the reverse slope of a fairly steep hill, the bullets of the Boers, aimed at the crest-line, conformed in their trajectories to the shape of the reverse slope, and were searching it out ; all had to lie behind rocks. When firing ceased, the hint was taken, and a sangar made in this place. At 12.5 (midnight) all the Boer guns, which had evidently been laid before the light failed, were fired at irregular intervals. One big shell fell within 30 yards of our cook-house ; this woke every one, and occasioned a good deal of annoyance. There is a growing desire in the 5th Dragoon Guards to catch a "Staats Artilleryman" at a less distance than seven thousand yards ; *one* yard is a more convenient distance for us. Apparently no attempt was made to re-load and fire any one gun twice.

We have about 14 guns round us now.

Nov. 15.—All regiment at Green Horse Valley. A wet day ; came back to Cove camp at 4 p.m. Everything drenched. A lot of 5th Lancer horses in our lines at night.

Nov. 16.—"C" and "D" squadrons at Observation Hill. Several shells came almost into our camp to-day.

Nov. 17.—All at Green Horse Valley. Rainy day.

Nov. 18.—"B" and "D" squadrons at Observation Hill. Steady sniping always continues at west end. This morning some of our Field Artillery guns were in action about 300 yards the other side of Cove Hill.

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Surprise Hill fired a shot at them. When the shell pitched, it went off just like a soda-water bottle, and we could see a stream of white smoke, and a thing like a cork flying out of it! The shell did not burst at all, but ricocheted right over the hill into our camp. At this moment the commanding officer was going towards this hill, but hearing the "whizzing" coming closer and closer, he "took a seat." The shell pitched for its second bound about 25 yards over his head, then got up again hurriedly, and flew at Major Hilliard, R.A.M.C., fortunately missing him, but not by more than a yard. The shell then subsided into Second Lieutenant Platt's tent, when it broke his bed and his servant's carbine. This shell was claimed by Major Gore, for the officers' mess. About 6.30 p.m. there was a heavy bombardment for a short time. One shell went into the Royal Hotel, and took both legs off a civilian there. At 12.30 at night, being bright moonlight, the Boers started firing all their guns into camp. Some must have reloaded and fired two or three times. This lasted for about 20 minutes, and I don't think any one absolutely enjoyed it! A disturbed night for all.

Nov. 19, Sunday.—All at Green Horse Valley. No bombardment.

Nov. 20.—"C" and "D" squadrons at Observation Hill. In the afternoon, the Boers had found out the 18th Hussars' daily "hiding-place." Five beautifully aimed shells fell right into their camp from the 40-pounder howitzer on Surprise Hill. Only two men wounded,

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wonderful to relate! The 18th Hussars had to "break up" at once, however, and could not go to this place any more. We ought to be thankful we have had such a peaceful time in Green Horse Valley. Several big shells also came into the 19th Hussars' camp, near Cove Hill, to-day. About 11 p.m. the enemy fired their big guns again. No shells came very near us, fortunately. They probably lay their guns in the evening before the light goes, and then leave one man to "pull the string" at an appointed hour. It is a nasty trick.

Nov. 21.—All at Green Horse Valley. A rumour that the cavalry were to attack a problematic Boer convoy gave rise to some talk. Nothing came of it. Boers fired about 30 shots from "Pong-pong-pong" towards Helpmakaar Post at 12.5 a.m. No big guns fired.

Nov. 22.—Observation Hill. Heavy bombardment all day. Thunderstorm in night. (There's an enjoyable 24 hours for you!)

Nov. 23.—All at Green Horse Valley. At 9 a.m. the commanding officer was called away to King's Post, and the regiment ordered to saddle up. A convoy was expected, but only one wagon was eventually seen. Off saddled, and Peace. No bombardment in night: a good job too.

Nov. 24.—"B" and "D" squadrons at Observation Hill. About noon we saw our mounted infantry suddenly go out towards Star Hill: they tried to get some of our "trek" oxen (that had strayed too far

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towards the enemy) back to our camp. They were fired at by about six guns, a Maxim, and infantry fire. They had to abandon about 170 oxen, which we lost. This interests us, because *we* should have to go over this same bit of ground twice if we are sent after this convoy. A Frenchman—from the Boers—gave himself up to “B” squadron to-day.

Thunder and rain in night, but no bombardment.

Nov. 25.—All at Green Horse Valley. Very little firing to-day. Getting this camp as clean as possible all day, burning litter, etc. Cannot go back to Cove camp before 7 p.m. now, because it's too light, and we should be fired at, at once. We turn out at 4 a.m. on these “off” days, and at 3.15 a.m. on the Observation Hill days! All somewhat short of sleep. Dinner is generally at 7.15 p.m. and bed about 8.30 p.m. No firing to-night.

Nov. 26, Sunday.—“C” and “D” squadrons at Observation Hill. The Boers broke their “caste” by firing on Sunday, first at a party burying dead horses, and then at a bathing party of the Gloucesters in the Klip River. They couldn't bear seeing people washing themselves, no doubt.

Nov. 27.—Green Horse Valley. The regiment was ordered to “saddle up and stand to” ready to attack a convoy proceeding to the west: nothing, however, came of it. General Sir George White believed the Boers were going to make a night attack, as about 3000 Boers had been seen massing on Middle Hill, and rumours were rife that the relieving column

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under General Clery, supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Colenso, had had a successful engagement.

Nov. 28.—"B" and "C" squadrons at Observation Hill. Our outposts reported a big laager near Walker's Hoek Farm of at least 150 wagons. Accordingly the commanding officer and adjutant galloped out to Observation West to have a look at it. At 9.30 a.m. the wagons all moved away at a trot in a westerly direction.

A new long gun was placed on Middle Hill, and a lot of Dutch *fraus* were seen on the crest-line, near the gun; this gun "paid calls" all round the camp during the afternoon, leaving cards on our various defensive posts, especially favouring Cæsar's camp and King's Post.

A "Flying Column" was formed, each man carrying three days' rations and forage. This column was to be independent of wheeled transport.

Nov. 29.—The regiment was ready to move off at daybreak for a three days' jaunt, but nothing came of it, and we had to slink into Green Horse Valley instead.

At 9.45 p.m. orders were received to be ready to attack the Boers; at 10.15 p.m. orders were cancelled. A rumour was afterwards current that some one had conveyed the news to the Boers even before the regiment had received orders!

Nov. 30.—Green Horse Valley. A very heavy bombardment on both sides commenced as the sun rose. The enemy paid particular attention to the

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town ; putting one shell into the town-hall where our sick men were, killing one man and wounding nine others. About 6.15 p.m. the gun on Rifleman's Ridge put a shell through one of the "D" squadron tents ; * luckily the main body of the regiment had not then returned to Cove camp for the night. The relieving column from *somewhere* signalled to us by means of a search-light, playing on the clouds above the Bulwana end of Cæsar's camp.

Dec. 1.—Green Horse Valley. A fairly quiet day. Lombard's Kop long gun putting a shell in the middle of a party of ours under Lieutenant Dunbar, cutting wood ; this was a shrapnel, which luckily buried itself in the soft ground, doing no harm.

Dec. 2.—Green Horse Valley. A very "hot" day for the 5th Dragoon Guards ! Lombard's Kop began firing his ninety-six pounder into the Imperial Light Horse camp about luncheon-time, and stirred them up considerably. The splinters from these shells bounded right over, and amongst "B" and "D" squadrons, 5th Dragoon Guards ; one horse being slightly wounded.

The infernal gunner then pitched his shells still further up, and finally one came just beyond us ; these shells all burst. Luncheon, and the men's dinners, with this going on, were rather disturbed meals. Later in the day, Bulwana pitched a shell on to the

* This was odd ; because a young staff officer on several different occasions told me that this gun could not hit our camp !

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top of the rocky ridge which hid "C" squadron from the gun ; it burst about 70 yards from the horses, sending showers of stones both about us and into the river. Then a great fragment of it dropped in the 18th Hussars' camp, 500 yards further up the river, severely wounding one of their men. A second shot from this gun came a little further, cleared the crest, and dropped into the River Klip not fifteen yards from the line of the "C" squadron horses' tails ! Some inquisitiveness was now experienced as to where the *third* shot would fall ; but, fortunately, the gun did not fire again !

The regiment returned to Cove camp as usual, at about 7.15 p.m., for the night. An order was received at 8.25 p.m. to turn out immediately, with one day's rations and forage. Dinner was immediately left, and, though the night was pitch dark, the regiment had marched well out of its camp by 9 p.m. A most creditable performance, and testifying to the keenness displayed by all ranks after the long day they had undergone. At 10.30 p.m. it was notified that this was only a trial "turn out"—so the regiment returned to camp.

Dec. 3, Sunday.—To Green Horse Valley as usual. Turn out 3.55 a.m. A quiet day. No bombardment. Very hot sun.

Dec. 4.—Great digging going on at Green Horse Valley. The place has been completely transformed since we came there. Now it has splinter-proofs and shelter trenches ; covered ways to go from one part

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of the camp to another without being seen ; shelters from rain and sun for the men, splinter-proof officers' messes with all modern appliances (including flies !).

A sentry is always posted in a place whence he can see both Lombard's Kop and Bulwana. Directly he sees a white jet squirt into the sky from one of these hills, he blows his whistle lustily. At this signal, those men who are near trenches or bomb-proof cover get into it, sharp. Then comes a pause of twenty-two seconds' expectancy. Then "PONG!
——dz——z——z——z——z——z——WOUF!"

A cloud of red dust squirts fifty feet into the air on our side of the Imperial Light Horse camp, or perhaps on our side of the river! Don't put your head up then! The shell hasn't finished with you yet! Screaming overhead, for about 500 yards from the burst, may be the base of a shrapnel, or a twelve-pound fragment of a common shell from "Long Tom." After practical experience of this, the commanding officer laid it down that men should keep their heads under cover for twenty seconds after any burst occurring within 500 yards in front of them.

Dec. 5.—Green Horse Valley.

Dec. 6.—Green Horse Valley. Bombardment very slight compared with previous days. Rations and forage now getting rather short. Our horses are now getting daily 9 lbs. chaff, 5 lbs. bran, and 5 lbs. mealies. No more hay in the place.

Dec. 7.—Green Horse Valley. "Surprise Hill"

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put a shell almost into our "Cove camp" while our horses were out.

Dec. 8.—The regiment began exercising at 3.50 a.m. in the dark as usual. At 4.5 a.m. orders were received to rendezvous on the Newcastle Road, the regiment arriving at its destination some time before any of the remaining troops detailed. The official report here follows :—

*From the Officer Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards
to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry, Ladysmith.*

Ladysmith, 8th December, 1899.

SIR,

I have the honour to report as follows on the part taken by the 5th Dragoon Guards in the action near Ladysmith this morning.

At 4.5 a.m. the 5th Dragoon Guards received orders to rendezvous at the examining post on the Newcastle Road, in rear of the 18th Hussars.

At 4.20 a.m. the 5th Dragoon Guards reached this place, and not finding the 18th Hussars there, dismounted under cover of a small plantation and awaited orders. The 5th Lancers and 18th Hussars subsequently passed me here, and I received orders to remain with the 53rd Field Battery Royal Artillery, and act as the reserve.

At about 5 a.m. I received orders to advance, and did so in column of fours along the Newcastle Road. On my leading fours reaching the top of the hill, at the examining post, I received an order to halt there ; apparently because shells were bursting a short distance in advance of this spot.

At about 5.15 a.m. a shell came (apparently from the gun

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on the north-east end of Bulwana) and burst in the middle of "C" squadron, wounding Captain C. Gaunt, 4th Dragoon Guards (attached to 5th D.G.), and No. 4254 Private F. Germany, 11th Hussars (attached to 5th D.G.), both slightly. Three shells came in quick succession from this gun at the same objective, and during this time one horse was killed and four horses wounded.

I wish to bring to your notice the coolness displayed at this time by Major Hilliard, R.A.M.C. (attached to 5th D.G.), who was attending to Captain Gaunt, when a shell actually passed between him and that officer, bursting within a few feet of them, without, however, causing any damage.

I now asked permission to move my regiment to Observation Hill, where I should be more sheltered from view, and whence I could more readily issue for an attack. Permission being granted, I moved there, followed by the battery, which also found cover there.

The 5th Dragoon Guards remained here, under direct command of Brigadier-General Brocklehurst, until about 6.20 a.m., when (the battery and all the other cavalry having gone in to camp) my regiment returned to its "Day" camp in Green Horse Valley without further incident.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) ST. JOHN GORE, Major,
Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards.

At the commencement of this day the 5th Dragoon Guards were entirely exposed, in their rendezvous, to fire from the two guns on Lombard's Kop, and also the two guns on Bulwana, being in a column of troops, closed up as much as possible behind the little plantation, but still actually in view from all of

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these guns. Apparently the original intention was to advance the supporting regiment (5th Dragoon Guards) when the two advanced regiments (5th Lancers and 18th Hussars) advanced.

The 5th Dragoon Guards thus got into a column of fours on the Newcastle Road. When the head of this column reached the examining post on the top of the hill, as shells were bursting on the comparatively level ground just in front of this spot, the brigadier decided to keep his supporting regiment under cover from the *frontal* fire for some time longer, to allow the advanced regiments to get well away to the front. This gives a good example of what we were always exposed to during this siege ; we sought cover from guns on our right and left front, and were instantly shelled with great precision from our right rear.

It gradually transpired that the Imperial Light Horse, now temporarily commanded by Major Edwards, 5th Dragoon Guards, had made a most gallant night attack on the guns on Lombard's Kop (Gun Hill, to be exact). This attack was completely successful, and one "Long Tom," a six-inch gun which had annoyed Green Horse Valley more than any other gun, together with a howitzer, were blown up with gun cotton, and lost to the enemy. The Boers in this section of their line of investment were evidently very much upset this morning ! Lombard's Kop *could* not fire on us for obvious reasons, and the big gun on Bulwana *did* not open fire until we had moved under cover of Observation Hill. Many eye-

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witnesses of this short but *very* sharp bombardment to which the 5th Dragoon Guards were exposed at this time, expressed their wonder at the marvellous escapes that must have occurred, as the shells came absolutely into the middle of the regiment as it stood still on the road. Captain Gaunt and Private Germany were only slightly injured; the former struck in the leg, the latter in the breast, by fragments of shell.

The regiment then went down to Green Horse Valley, and were not fired at on the way, for a wonder! About 4.30 p.m. Bulwana fired about five of its 96-lb. shells into Green Horse Valley: one of them fell three yards beyond the "D" squadron horses, and tore one of our saddles and numnahs to pieces! It fell on rocks; and although men were then sleeping in the open all round the spot, fortunately no casualties occurred, beyond slight inconvenience from falling stones, etc.

The 5th Dragoon Guards thus began and ended this day under extremely lively circumstances!

Dec. 9.—Green Horse Valley. Reuter's correspondent managed to get "a runner" through the Boer lines, who also brought a private telegram to Major Gore, saying that he had been gazetted Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Not being "official," no official notice was taken for the present.

Bulwana sent about three shells into Green Horse Valley without doing any damage.

As hitherto the Boers have never fired their big

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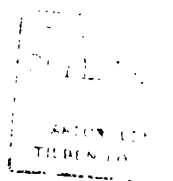
guns on Sundays, and as Cove camp was really the official camp selected by the staff for the 5th Dragoon Guards, the commanding officer decided to risk staying there to-morrow morning in order to give the men a well-earned rest from the early hours now obligatory. Reveille was fixed for 5.30 a.m., consequently. At 10 p.m., however, the commanding officer received an order to be prepared for an attack by the Boers during to-night and to-morrow morning, and the existing orders had to be countermanded for new ones.

Dec. 10.—4.30 a.m. on this Sunday morning found the regiment "standing to" in its lines in Cove camp ready to turn out if required. As nothing occurred, at 5 a.m. the officers and men were allowed to turn into their tents, and continue their disturbed sleep, still leaving the horses saddled in readiness. "Stables" from 6.30 to 7 a.m., at which hour "breakfasts" were sent up. It now appeared as though the Boers would keep to their Sunday arrangements, and let us have a day of rest. One of the officers now decided it might be safe to get out of his clothes, and was enjoying a luxurious tub: the remainder, however, began breakfasting. Five minutes afterwards, a puff of smoke rose from Bulwana Hill, and with the now familiar rush and roar, the big gun landed a shell about a hundred yards beyond our camp!* The order to "turn out" was instantly

* This again was very odd. I had been told that *this* gun would not fire at us even on a week-day!



ACROSS THE DRIFT.
(Major Heneage and Captain Reynolds in foreground.)



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given, and, according to previously arranged plans, the three squadrons were filing out of their lines within five minutes, but not before two more shells (which burst not ten yards beyond our flank squadron without damage) had been fired at us! The men led their horses with the greatest coolness over about 400 yards of open ground, still in full view of the gun, which followed them with shells, until they were sheltered from view by Convent Hill. The gun still continued firing, and the house of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George White, near which we had to pass, had a narrow escape! The regiment reached Green Horse Valley without casualty, having had some very close shaves on the way down.

The above morning incident is thus given in detail, as an example of the annoyances a cavalry regiment may be subjected to during a state of siege: annoyances borne by officers and men uncomplainingly, and with the greatest cheeriness and steadiness, and an entire lack of grumbling.

The new commanding officer writes these words with the greatest pride, testifying as they do to the good feeling and good fellowship that now exist, and, within his twenty-one years of service in it, always have existed, between all ranks, in the 5th Dragoon Guards.

We computed that these shells must have cost the Boers somewhere about £301. It is the commanding officer's birthday, and he persists in regarding these shells, fired at his new regiment, as a birthday

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present and a salute combined! It must not be forgotten that we paid a similar compliment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his birthday on November 9, and possibly the Boers are taking a leaf out of our books.

The commanding officer, however, will be glad to learn that any of his officers or men who have birthdays shortly coming on will kindly arrange to postpone them until further notice!

As our men lay in their tents that night, those of them not yet fallen asleep might have listened with grim satisfaction to the steady tramp of a battalion of their infantry comrades, and the dull rumble of a battery following them as they wended their way through our camp.

Rank by rank they appeared, and disappeared into the murky light of the still young moon. Marching into the darkness, we know not whither, but dimly speculate; and fall asleep with a half-thought prayer for success to the gallant lads who are going to look into the eyes of our enemies, who have been fighting us at 8000 yards' distance for six weary weeks past.

Dec. 11.—A very heavy musketry fire was heard at 3.15 a.m. towards Surprise Hill. It afterwards transpired that five companies of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade had stormed and taken Surprise Hill, and got into the Boers there with the bayonet. Our men blew up the howitzer that has annoyed us for so long, and also destroyed another gun.

Their casualties were 11 men killed, 43 wounded,

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and 6 missing ; it is believed they killed 100 of the enemy.

The regiment went to Green Horse Valley before dawn as usual, the commanding officer and adjutant staying in Cove camp to-day. A heavy bombardment of Cove camp was kept up for several hours in the morning. While the Staff were at breakfast in "C" squadron mess-tent, a shell from the big gun Bulwana pitched in the doorway of the tent of Lieutenant and Adjutant Winwood, tore it to shreds, and smothered everything inside with earth, besides doing minor destruction ! The mess-tent was 30 yards further on in the direct line, but fortunately the fragments of the shell must have risen at a very sharp angle, as no one in camp was touched !

A new gun—apparently a 6-inch one—opened fire this morning from northward of the camp, and sent shells across the open part of it, as well as over Green Horse Valley, with great persistency.* At one period Cove camp had an extremely hot time, as no less than four guns were sending shells all round it. This performance was again repeated about 5 p.m. The Boers were evidently thoroughly stirred up by recent events, and wanted to let off their ill-temper somehow !

Dec. 12.—Green Horse Valley. A quiet day. The weather is now extremely hot, and the flies are very bad indeed. On the return of the regiment to camp

* This afterwards proved to be the 6-inch "Telegraph Hill" gun.

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at 7.15 p.m., an order was suddenly received to turn out and be at examining guard on Newcastle Road at 9.30 p.m. The only order given by the commanding officer was, "The regiment will parade in 'Flying Column Order' at 9.15 this evening." There was no confusion, or people running about asking questions. All had been arranged *beforehand*. On arrival at the rendezvous, the parade was dismissed.

Dec. 13.—Not much bombardment. Rehearsal of turn out of "Flying Column" repeated at 9 p.m. Very satisfactory, as before.

Dec. 14.—Green Horse Valley. Bulwana fired into Cove camp heavily about 6 a.m. One man of 5th Lancers (next door to us) was wounded by a splinter. Our dismounted men were ordered to go to King's Post at 3 p.m., under Second Lieutenant Kinnear, to garrison that post. Among them were many first servants : their duties were to take the night duty, and sleep in the trenches, do the patrolling (of course dismounted), and other duties of that nature.

Dec. 15.—Green Horse Valley. Heavy artillery firing heard in the distance all the morning. We hope it is Buller, and his big howitzers near Colenso ! Boers in unusually bad temper, anyhow. Bulwana's smaller gun had a shot at the commanding officer and his orderly Lee, while riding by themselves over Cove Plain to King's Post. Bulwana's big gun also put a shell close to "C" squadron mess-tent, which burst within a few yards of Corporal Marks (who runs

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that mess). The Boers evidently have got information about these being the officers' tents, and fire at them even when the horses are out of camp.

Food is now getting decidedly scarce, and both officers and men are often on decidedly short commons.

It is difficult to buy *anything*, but when for sale, prices are very high. At a semi-official sale of market produce, etc., some of the prices realized at auction were as follows :—

1 bottle of whisky, £3 3s.

1 dozen eggs, 9s. 2d.

1 pot jam, 3s. 6d.

Sack of potatoes (25 lbs.), 18s. 6d.

8 lbs. mutton, 10s. 6d.

(The mutton was the bargain! Lieutenant Clay got it for "C" squadron mess. This is considered quite worthy of record here!)

Some of the cunning men of war among us still manage a precarious supply of milk for their squadron messes. The grazing area over which our cattle can roam is now so much restricted that the milk supply has almost ceased.

Sickness among the garrison has been sadly on the increase lately, and dysentery and enteric have made great inroads on its available fighting strength.

The 5th Dragoon Guards have been comparatively fortunate in this respect, and for many consecutive weeks the health of the regiment was returned as "good." At this time we had in hospital, from various

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causes, one officer and 42 N.C.O.'s and men. The most serious cases are sent out by train to the neutral camp, established about three miles from Ladysmith, on the "Intombi Spruit." Captain H. Hoare is still in this camp, and writes that he is making an excellent recovery from the wound he received on November 3.

At about 4 p.m. this day a very severe thunder-storm burst over Ladysmith. Men and officers took shelter in the underground casemates; unfortunately, the long spell of dry weather had led them to neglect that most essential thing—provision for drainage—and the small channels then in existence were soon overflowing with the streams of water pouring down the sides of Poundbury Hill! People were seen making hurried exits from the bowels of the earth like drowned rats, and in a short time nearly all the casemates were full of water! When the rain ceased, at about 6 p.m., great draining operations went on till the return to Cove camp at 7.15 p.m.

Dec. 16.—"Dingan's Day." A great day, which the Boers keep in memory of their great victory over the Zulu chieftain of that name. Suspecting that they might try to celebrate the occasion in a practical way, the commanding officer took the regiment down to Green Horse Valley considerably earlier even than usual. However, at 4.35 a.m.—before the first squadron had arrived there—the first shell (a shrapnel) burst near the Imperial Light Horse camp. It was still too dark for them to see us. A heavy cannonade was now commenced by all the Boer guns round us,

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and things were made very lively. Green Horse Valley escaped very well, but Cove camp had a very hot time from both Bulwana's guns and Blaaubank. Captain Darbyshire had a narrow escape from a shell from the latter gun, which landed within four yards of him, near the orderly-room tent. Lieutenant and Quartermaster Farbrother throughout these latter weeks of the siege, as well as Sergeant Luckett, the orderly-room clerk, had a trying time almost daily, as their duties kept them near the headquarter tents, which seemed to be specially selected for targets. The regimental sergeant-major, Mr. Boag, was standing a moment before on the spot where this shell pitched, but had been given an order to carry out in the horse lines, which took him away in time!

Unfortunately, our garrison lost five men killed on this day.

The firing gradually died out, and was fairly quiet during the remainder of the day; a 6-inch shell from Telegraph Hill, however, went just over "C" squadron at tea-time with a very "wobbly" flight, as indicated by the noise it made, that gave rise to the agreeable surmise that possibly the gun might be wearing out at last!

The Boers appeared to have been firing a salute of twenty-one guns, from each of their guns which our artillery allowed them to serve.

Dec. 17, Sunday.—The regiment went to Green Horse Valley. After last Sunday's experience few would have suggested staying in Cove camp!

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On Sundays half of the men have to take the horses down, and exercise is dispensed with ; this gives some of the men a well-earned sleep, and makes a slight distinction in the day.

A rumour arrived to-day that Sir Redvers Buller had met with a serious reverse at Colenso, and that he would not be able to relieve Ladysmith as soon as we had expected, to which was tacked on a considerable number of rather startling details ! This was one of countless rumours which are flung broadcast among the garrison by some people who have not enough work to do to keep them more usefully employed. Every sort of ridiculous story soon became current in Ladysmith—of course vastly “improved upon” in the passing from mouth to mouth. A general order has been issued prohibiting this form of amusement ; but no general order can really reach the fountain-heads from whence these rumours come. The practice is, at any rate, strongly discountenanced in Green Horse Valley, and all are recommended not to bother their heads about rubbishy stories they may hear until they are officially confirmed. Amongst other stories current—and firmly believed in by many, no doubt—was the fiction that the Boers had already mounted an 8·3-inch gun on Pepworth Hill, in the epaulement formerly occupied by the original “Long Tom ;” to complete this report, it was added that all civilians had been ordered to leave the town, and go out to the Neutral camp at Intombi, as it would be impossible for them to stay in the

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town under the fire of this gun, which was to begin bombarding to-morrow morning! Even had this rumour had the slightest foundation, it would have been alike useless and impolitic to go blazoning it about, as though something awful had happened. If such a gun *is* being mounted, let it open fire without a lot of rubbish being previously talked about it, and then it will probably be found that the damage done by it is very little more than we are quite accustomed to from our old enemies the 6-inch guns.

It must be recorded here that such-like rumours are apparently treated with the utmost contempt and unconcern by all our men, who take only a slight passing interest in events that might loom large in the minds of people who had not become inured to surprises by a fifty days' siege in Ladysmith! We all go on with our daily work exactly as if we were in camp in England, except for the precautions to keep men and horses out of sight in the daytime.

The only difference this rather unwelcome intelligence made to us was that the "commanding officer" spent most of Sunday afternoon walking about Green Horse Valley devising various improvements which could usefully be made for the comfort of officers and men, and also making plans to meet some eventualities that might arise: the most formidable of the latter being the sudden flooding of the River Klip, which rises to a great height in a few hours. "D" and "C" squadrons at present are standing well below high-water mark, so higher positions had to be selected

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for them as alternative ones. Several new shelters for the men were also planned: these were much required, against the sun no less than against the rain.

No. 4560 Private Harry Ashlin died at Intombi camp this day, from enteric fever.

Dec. 18.—"B" and "D" squadrons working at making shelters. A trench wide enough to hold two rows of men lying down, feet inwards, is dug; an upright, made of a split sleeper, is put in the centre of each end of this trench, and a wire is stretched across from the top of one upright to the other; over this wire a tarpaulin is laid, so that the wire forms the "ridge pole" of the tent, and the sides of the tarpaulin are pegged down to the ground on either side. Ample provision for drainage has to be made.

A tent of this sort holds about 25 men lying down; and from 40 to 50 sitting, when taking shelter on a wet day. The earth excavated is thrown up on the side towards the enemy, and though the ground on which these "tents" stand is in full view of the Boers on Lombard's Kop and Gun Hill, as the ridge pole of the tent only rises three feet above the ground level, the excavated sand hides the whole tent from the enemy's view, and at the same time gives a certain amount of protection from splinters.

No. 4114 Lance-Corporal Wilkins had a narrow escape to-day in Cove camp. He was severely wounded in the hand by a shell from the 6-inch gun on Telegraph Hill.

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Dec. 19.—Continuing yesterday's work in morning and evening.

Dec. 20.—During the afternoon a shrapnel from Bulwana's smaller gun burst over the opposite ridge to Green Horse Valley, near "C" squadron. No apparent damage was done at the time, but it was afterwards found that a roan pony belonging to the "C. O." had been struck in the shoulder by a shrapnel bullet! The pony made no apparent motion at the time: she was able to be taken off to the sick lines to see if the injury to the bone was not too serious to allow of her life being saved. Men and horses were close round her, but none noticed anything except the actual burst of the shell itself.

Dec. 21.—A great deal of bombardment to-day. When walking down to Green Horse Valley in the early morning, a shell from Bulwana fell just over the head of an officer, and immediately after a splinter from "Thornhill's" gun (which had burst its shell quite one thousand yards away!) landed within five yards of him. It would have been pleasanter *after* breakfast than *before* it, no doubt!

A great scarcity of fuel now exists, so "C" squadron were set to build an improved fireplace for cooking, as an experiment to economize fuel. A substitute for fire-bars was at first found by corrugated iron with holes pierced through it with a pickaxe. This was afterwards improved upon by using old horseshoes straightened out by the farrier. The latter made excellent fire-bars when built into the stone sides,

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which both contained the fire and supported the Indian "deckchies," or cooking-pots. A sheet of corrugated iron, rolled round on itself, and bound thus with wire, made an excellent chimney about nine feet high, and gave plenty of draught. By means of this fire it was possible to burn dried aloes, of which plenty were growing on Poundbury Hill.

A 6-inch shell (from "Puffing Billy" on Bulwana) struck Sir George White's house to-day: the Boers have been trying for it on and off during the whole siege! They made a fine smash of one of the back rooms in which the shell landed, but fortunately no one was in it at the time, and no one was even injured. Unfortunately, it landed among the "English stores" and the liquor, and it pains one even to think of the sad destruction of good drink and stores at such a time! They are more sought after than anything else at present.

Dec. 22.—The 5th Lancers go for the day to a point on the river half a mile upstream of Green Horse Valley. A 6-inch shell from Telegraph Hill ricocheted from a great distance, and fell into the midst of a group of their officers. Lieut.-Colonel Fawcett, who was going round "Stables," and four other officers were all wounded by splinters, and the squadron sergeant-major was also struck: this shell also killed four horses, so it may be considered that the officers really had a fortunate escape, and that we may congratulate the 5th Lancers on not actually losing any lives.

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Five men of the Gloucesters were killed by shells this day.

Fortunately, Green Horse Valley was spared.

Dec. 23.—Heavy bombardment both in early morning and at midday.

No. 4475 Private Joseph Hinde died at Intombi camp this day. Enteric fever.

Until now our officers have been using bales of hay (which had been "cast") as revetments in their bomb-proof day-shelters; these bales, however, had now been called in by the commissariat authorities—for issue as forage! Great ingenuity was now displayed by the officers of the three squadrons in designing and building for themselves new "houses," without the assistance of the bales for revetment; in all cases it resulted in improved dwellings, and in "B" squadron such blandishments as roller blinds (that would pull up and down!) were to be seen.

Dec. 24, Sunday.—Green Horse Valley. The Boers fired several big guns during the day; there was also a good deal of desultory Maxim and musketry fire. Several officers were able to send out telegrams, by having them heliographed to "Weenens," and thence to their destination by wire. The commanding officer received a Christmas present from General Hunter of a magnificent HAM!—a priceless treasure for "C" squadron mess.

Dec. 25, Christmas Day!—At 4.30 a.m. two shells screaming over Cove camp, and heavy firing from

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musketry and Maxims, ushered in the day of Peace and Goodwill! All went to Green Horse Valley as usual. It was not possible to do anything for the men in the way of extras for dinner, except a pudding, for which materials were served out. The officers, by paying longish prices, managed to secure what under present circumstances were looked upon as extremely fine dinners! In one squadron, the cook-house in the town, where their bit of beef was being cooked, was actually struck by a shell, the house-people ran away, and part of the meat was burnt! In spite of minor drawbacks of this sort, all were as jolly as possible, and the animated scenes would no doubt have vastly astonished the Boers, had they been able to look on!

Dec. 26.—Heavy bombardment. Blaaubank sent four shells just over and into our Cove camp, some falling in the 5th Lancers' camp. Tremendous thunderstorm in evening from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Torrents flowing everywhere; the rain came through several officers' tents, and drowned them out.

Dec. 27.—Heavy bombarding again commenced at 4.45 a.m. Bulwana's big gun put a shell into the officers' mess of the "Devons," and unfortunately killed one, and wounded seven of their officers.

Dec. 28.—Just before dawn the big naval guns above our camp fired about six shots in quick succession on to the top of the table-land of Bulwana. They had seen the night escort of the gun going away from that spot for several successive mornings,

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and we hope some of this escort did *not* go away (of their own accord) *this* morning.

Bulwana did not fire all day long, so we had no "whistling" in Green Horse Valley.

Much amusement was caused in the 5th Dragoon Guards' camp about 9 p.m. by seeing the British search-light from Chievely signalling to us by throwing a gigantic beam of light on to a cloud. The Boers on Bulwana at once produced *their* search-light, and endeavoured to interfere with the signalling by throwing their rays on to the same spot. The power of the British light being far greater than the Boer one, in spite of the distance, the attempt to interfere was quite ineffectual, and was received with jeers in camp.

Dec. 28.—The sight was a pretty one, and at any rate it is comforting to *see* that there really is a British force somewhere in the neighbourhood, as we are kept absolutely without news of any kind.

Dec. 29.—Another quiet day. Tremendous rain in the night.

Dec. 30.—On arrival at Green Horse Valley it was found that the River Klip had risen about ten feet, and was now a wide and raging torrent! The ground where both "D" and "C" squadrons generally stood being well under water, these squadrons had to be huddled together higher up the hill for the day. Most of the bomb-proofs which we had made at the beginning of the siege were now flooded out, but luckily the new shelters for the men had been

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constructed above the present water-level. The Mounted Infantry (who are camped on the river above us) lost several horses washed away during the night ; the 18th Hussars also had to shift their horse lines and tents in the middle of the night, in the pouring rain: by morning their original "lines" were quite submerged. We fortunately escaped these hardships, by having gone up to Cove camp for the night.

Dec. 31, Sunday.—Brigadier-General Brocklehurst (Royal Horse Guards) commanding this cavalry brigade inspected our horses in Green Horse Valley this morning. He expressed himself as very pleased with their condition. They certainly have stood the shortness of their forage marvellously well. They want *grass* now, and some long gentle exercises ; with this they would soon be able to take their place in the field, in spite of this long spell of inaction.

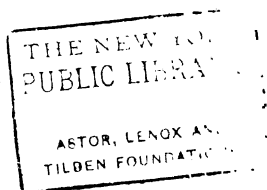
A few shots were fired at intervals during the day.

And so concluded an eventful year for the 5th Dragoon Guards ; a year begun amidst the mock strife of the Delhi manœuvres, and ended amidst the grim surroundings of a siege already lasting sixty days ! A year to look back upon with pleasure, and pride withal ; a year whose parting spirit looked down upon a slumbering regiment with but one sentiment in all their dreams, "Wait till we can get at them !"

1900. *Jan. 1.*—Welcome the new year ! Blaaubank sends four shells which burst in our camp about 4.40 a.m. A Happy New Year ! We begin it in Green Horse Valley, and trust that ere long it may indeed



IN ONE OF OUR MANY "SANGARS."
The 5th Dragoon Guards at musketry.



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prove a happy and prosperous new year to the dear old regiment !

Great dinners were again the order of the day in the three squadron officers' messes, and certainly the most was made of the fare obtainable.

After dinner a flash was seen in the dark sky which was thought to be lightning : a dull boom, however, succeeded it, and stop-watches having been produced, it was found to be firing from big guns directly over Cæsar's camp. From the flash to the report was 81 seconds, making the distance about $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles. This went on for about half an hour or so, and then ceased—suddenly as it had begun.

It is indeed tantalizing not to know *anything* of what is going on ! We imagine that these are British guns, but cannot be *sure* they do not belong to the Boers ! It makes you appreciate the sound of a noble distant "boom" in widely different moods, whether you know the gun causing it is dealing death to friend or to foe ; whether it is the voice of a friend bringing the long-deferred relief, or the voice of an enemy still prepared to bar the way. In short (to drop from halting poetry to prose), let me anonymously confess that I should like some jam, and a few potatoes ! (Eggs are now selling at 17s. per dozen !)

The Boers fired at us during the night, and we fired back at them more than they gave us !

"The subject then dropped."

A Happy New Year !

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Jan. 2.—While the commanding officer was going round "Stables" in Green Horse Valley, Bulwana began coming dangerously near us. The first shell burst near the Native Field Hospital 300 yards from us, and near which was our regimental guard tent. No. 4389 Private Charles Aslett (second servant to Lieutenant Dunbar), who was riding his master's charger at this spot, was severely wounded in the thigh and groin by six splinters and bullets, and the horse he rode was killed. "Stables" were interrupted for the time, and the men ordered into their shelters.

Shells fell in the camp of the Imperial Light Horse close to us, and finally one landed in the middle of the river a few yards from the horses of "D" squadron. Had this shell carried on a few yards further, it might have done serious damage, bursting on the ground.

The officers were photographed in a group this afternoon.

Jan. 3.—Just before dawn Captain Lambton, R.N., repeated his little plan of the 28th December, and let the Boers have about six rapid shots to our left of the big gun at Bulwana. The shells were seen to burst admirably, and we hope the result has been good, as several stretchers and ambulances were seen to visit the spot afterwards!

Very heavy rain came on in the afternoon, and unfortunately all got a thorough soaking coming up to Cove camp.

Jan. 4.—A mild bombardment in the morning. Blaaubank sent four shells into Cove camp, two of

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which did not burst, and were secured by officers as trophies.

Persistent rumours are current in Ladysmith to-day that a British force is now at Helpmakaar.*

Unfortunately, we have to-day 103 men actually in hospital—in Ladysmith and in the neutral camp at Intombi; in addition to these, there are 13 men “attending.” On this account, more than any other, we should all be glad to welcome the relieving column, and get proper food for the men sick with dysentery and enteric, and also a change for them to a higher and more healthy spot. Death reports of the following two men have just been received this day:—

No. 4517 Private James Jones—2nd January : enteric.

No. 4069 Private Alfred Milton—3rd January : enteric.

The latter was a band boy.

Jan. 5.—Green Horse Valley. This day was saddened by the following death reports from Intombi camp:—

Second Lieutenant C. S. Platt : enteric fever.

No. 4427 Private William Bray : enteric fever.

No. 3818 Private Charles Butler : dysentery.

Enteric fever—that scourge of India and South Africa—has taken a heavy toll from the Ladysmith garrison already. We have hitherto been almost as

* We got to know this fine old rumour by heart : it occurred about twice a week ! No British force was at Helpmakaar before May !—ST. J. G.

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fortunate as any regiment here—the 19th Hussars being the worst sufferers amongst the cavalry regiments.

Poor young Platt had only just completed his first year's service when he fell a victim, greatly regretted by all. He was always keen in the performance of his troop duties, and his kindly and unselfish disposition had won for him the esteem and affection of his brother officers. He was buried in the cemetery near the Intombi camp : a telegram of sympathy was sent to his father, at Barnby Manor, Newark.

Jan. 6, Saturday.—Heavy firing woke us at 3 a.m. We began saddling up as usual at 3.15 a.m., "exercised" from 4 to 4.30 a.m., and then went down to Green Horse Valley. All this time the firing had been incessant, and very hot, and as day dawned it became apparent from Cove camp that Wagon Hill was the affected locality ; we could not make out at all what was taking place, however.

At 5.10 a.m. orders came for the 5th Dragoon Guards to take its part in the long day's fight, the official report of which is here appended :—

From the Officer Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry, Ladysmith.

Ladysmith, 7th January, 1900.

SIR,

With reference to the part taken by the regiment under my command in the defence of Wagon Hill on 6th January, 1900, I have the honour to report as follows :—

I received orders at 5.10 a.m. to proceed to the artillery

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camp and there place my regiment at the disposal of Lieut.-Colonel Coxhead, R.A. On arrival there I received orders to act as an escort to the 21st Field Battery Royal Artillery, and proceeded, in company with this battery, to a point about a quarter of a mile from Range Post outside the line of defences, arriving there at 5.45 a.m. In going to this point we drew fire first from Bulwana, while crossing the Iron Road Bridge, and secondly from the gun at Rifleman's Ridge, as we descended the outer slope from Range Post ; no casualties occurred from this fire.

The orders for this force were to prevent, by means of artillery fire, any Boers crossing from Mounted Infantry Hill to attack Wagon Hill.

The battery came into action at about 6.15 a.m. with Mounted Infantry Hill as its objective, and as its left flank was secure from attack, I placed my regiment in a nullah about 400 yards to the left rear of the battery. I detached one officer's patrol to the left front of the battery to the foot of Wagon Hill, and a second one to patrol up Flagstaff Spruit along my right front ; I lined a stony ridge about 400 yards in front of my regiment with the dismounted men of one squadron, and held the other two squadrons in readiness to charge across my front from right to left should any attack issue from Flagstaff Spruit. The battery was now fired at from Middle Hill on its front, Rifleman's Ridge on its right, and Telegraph Hill on its rear ; some rifle-shots also reached the battery, but from where I cannot say. About 8.10 a.m., the firing having considerably slackened for some time previous, the battery withdrew from action, and formed up in the lower ground near my regiment. Our situation now remained unchanged till about 11.50 a.m., except that the enemy were bursting shrapnel directed against the 18th Hussars, who were trotting along the road close to us in dribblets.

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At about 11.50 a.m. the enemy apparently had found out our position, and fired three shells at us from Telegraph and Middle Hills, causing the battery to move a short distance.

Shortly afterwards two shells from Middle Hill actually fell in the narrow nullah crowded with men and horses, but fortunately only wounded Captain Darbyshire's charger and one squadron horse.

At 3 p.m. I received urgent orders to send two squadrons to Wagon Hill immediately. I left "D" squadron under Captain Darbyshire as escort to the 21st Field Battery, and took my remaining two squadrons to Wagon Hill as quickly as possible, under fire from Rifleman's Ridge on the way there. On arrival I dismounted my two squadrons by sections with carbines, and was directed by a sergeant-major of the King's Royal Rifle Corps to take the dismounted men up the hill to a spot near the headquarters of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, where I reported myself to Lieut.-Colonel Gore-Browne of that regiment. At about 5 p.m. I was requested by Major Campbell, King's Royal Rifle Corps, to take my men in the direction of Wagon Hill Point, and act as a reserve in the event of our firing line being driven back. I accordingly placed my men among some rocks along the inner crest line of the top of the hill, so that I could sweep the level plateau with fire should the Boers show over the outer crest line. In this position I remained till the end of the day's engagement without being called upon to fire, one man receiving a slight bullet-wound in the forearm, No. 4128 Private Ellis John Campbell.

Previous to this I had directed Lieutenant Reynolds, who was in charge of the Maxim gun detachment of my regiment, to place himself at the disposal of the officer commanding at this post. I attach Lieutenant Reynolds' report, and would recommend to your favourable notice that officer, and also

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No. 3352 Sergeant Harry Harris, 5th Dragoon Guards, for the good service they did on this occasion.

Darkness having now set in, and firing having ceased, I was directed to take my two squadrons to Wagon Hill and assist in holding it during the night. Finding myself senior officer at this point, I assumed command of the troops on Wagon Hill. Two and a half squadrons of the 18th Hussars were disposed from the 12-pounder gun emplacement on the right, along the crest line and facing Mounted Infantry Hill, and joining on to their left; three companies of the King's Royal Rifle Corps carried my front line to the point where I joined hands with the Devonshire Regiment, who held, the next section on my left. The two squadrons of 5th Dragoon Guards I placed as supports just beneath the inner crest line. I employed my whole force in constructing a line of sangars rather below the outer crest line, from which fire could be brought to bear down the slope of the hill. The sentries were pushed out down the hill about forty yards in front of this line of sangars; all the men slept in the sangars. At 3.0 a.m. work was resumed on the sangars. At daylight, as no enemy was seen, work was continued, and the bodies of the dead collected. At 9.40 a.m., on the 7th instant, I received orders to take my regiment back to camp, upon which I handed over the command of Wagon Hill Post. My regiment arrived at Green Horse Valley without further incident.

Meantime Captain Darbyshire, who had been left with his squadron near Range Post as escort to the 21st Field Battery Royal Artillery, reports as follows :—

His situation remained almost unchanged from 3 p.m. to 4 p.m.; occasionally sniping shots were fired from Flagstaff Spruit at his dismounted men. It had several times been reported by our patrols that Boers were making their way down this spruit, and a very sharp look out had been kept

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on it, and the two squadrons above mentioned had been in readiness to charge them in flank should they make any serious attack from the open.

At 4 p.m. heavy rain fell, and gradually, by flooding them out, drove Captain Darbyshire's squadron and also the Boers out of the nullahs they were hiding in. It was now too thick to see clearly, but some Boers went away over Rifleman's Ridge in twos and threes, and the majority went back towards Middle Hill direction.

At about 7.30 p.m. the battery received orders to retire, and Captain Darbyshire's squadron also retired to camp, arriving there about 8.50 p.m. without further casualties than those already detailed in my report.

In conclusion, I would recommend to your favourable notice my adjutant, Lieutenant W. Q. Winwood, who acted as my staff officer during the day and night, and was of great assistance to me in many ways.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) St. J. GORE, Major,
Commanding 5th Dragoon Guards.

Some "unofficial" notes on the day may be of interest here. Our battery crossed the iron bridge over the Klip River first, and we followed in "sections." From this bridge up to Range Post the road is in full view from Bulwana all the way. As the head of the regiment marched on to this bridge, the familiar column of white smoke spirted up into the clear air from the top of Bulwana! After the regulation pause of twenty-two seconds came the roar and the rush, and the big shell burst just abreast of us, but some little distance to our left, in the camp of

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the Gordon Highlanders. It now appeared as if we were in for this all the way up to Range Post ; but, fortunately for us, something more tempting must have distracted Bulwana's attention, as he did not again fire at us !

As the head of our column was descending the slope outside Range Post, a shrapnel from Rifleman's Ridge seemed to burst right in front of the leading "section," quickly followed by several more as the regiment trotted out of the defile. It is difficult to understand how there were no casualties here.

When Major Blewitt's battery came into action, the commanding officer and adjutant had a fine view of a stirring sight. The Boers' field-gun on Middle Hill seemed to out-range our guns, and persistently dropped its shells right in the middle of the gun teams, which suffered considerably. The picture was one which a De Neuville might have seized upon for its deeply dramatic interest !

During the artillery action the regiment had a quiet time, but when the battery subsequently formed up alongside of it at 8.10 a.m., the enemy's guns began "trying for it." From now until 3 p.m. we remained in this small nullah, which afforded only partial concealment from view, and none from fire. During the morning the 18th Hussars trotted out along the road a hundred yards distant from us by twos and threes, attracting an occasional shrapnel from Rifleman's Ridge, which burst over our heads with a sharp crack. They soon after trotted back again

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in the same fashion, the Boers' gun repeating its practice.

The enemy's three guns—Rifleman's Ridge, Middle Hill, and the 6-inch gun on Telegraph Hill—all knew whereabouts we were, and kept firing occasional shots, which were all close to us. Middle Hill alone could actually see us, and he put two shells actually *in* the nullah, right amongst the crowd! It was marvellous that only Captain Darbyshire's chestnut charger and one troop horse were hit. The horses were attended to in the nullah, and then led away to camp, the charger and its attendant narrowly escaping a shrapnel on the way up to Range Post. (Captain Darbyshire's mare unfortunately died a few days after, the "post-mortem" discovering a piece of segment shell which had penetrated beyond the reach of a probe.)

Meantime, neither officers nor men had had any breakfast, and it was not till about 1 p.m. that it was possible to bring some water and food out to them.

When the two squadrons went off to Wagon Hill, "Rifleman's Ridge" followed them nearly all the way with shells: the moving target, however, seemed to disconcert his aim, fortunately, as most of the shells went beyond us.

As our dismounted men reached the top of Wagon Hill, they were ordered to lie down just below the crest line: an incessant stream of bullets was now passing overhead, their fierce "hiss" occasionally

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varied by a loudly echoing "crack" as one struck full against a stone. At this time the wildest thunderstorm we had yet seen in this country burst over Wagon Hill, in gusts of wind and blinding streams of rain. The conflict on the plateau just above us raged more fiercely than ever, and the roar of the battle blended with that of the storm. Soon we were called upon to take up a covering position, in case the Boers should get beyond our firing line. The men lay on the rocks drenched to the skin, and waited. Gradually the firing seemed to slacken, and steadily night's shades swept over the hill.

Now, the sharp rattle of our Maxim burst out on our left front, sweeping down the nullah towards Bester's Farm, rattling out its pursuing vengeance again and again. Now, the fire has slackened and slackened into an occasional angry crack. The big guns have ceased their work long ago.

Crack! The last rifle-shot has been fired! The night has come. And Wagon Hill is safe in the keeping of the gallant men who have withstood the stress and the storm from darkness to darkness through that bitter day's strife!

Then we are free to move about; and then we hear disjointedly the tale of the Imperial Light Horse, found at this spot before day dawned, and still there at nightfall; the tale of the rush of the small and gallant band of Boer-sold men of Majuba Hill renown, perhaps, who penetrated right up to our sangar, and now lie stark, mute evidences outside its

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walls ; and the tale of the heroic charge of "the Devons" in face of a blasting fire.

And we are filled with pride. And sorrow too ; for bands of silent men are passing in the gloom, bearing their poor silent burdens. Comrades are seeking tidings of comrades they have lost.

* * * * *

But there is work for us to do. Plenty of it. Officers and men are drenched to the skin, and their old enemy of India, ague, is shaking many a one of our poor fellows. The men fetch their cloaks, etc., from their horses (which are still waiting below), and the latter are then sent back with some men to camp, bearing orders to send out as soon as possible the best they can get for feeding our hungry men, who are to remain here and assist in garrisoning Wagon Hill during the night.

[The party who were sent out from camp with these supplies started from Cove camp about 11 p.m., and were floundering about amidst a confused mass of ambulance and other wagons during the pitch dark night until almost dawn! The rain had turned the track to Wagon Hill, from a bad road, into a morass studded with round boulders!]

Till after 10 p.m. we all work at making sangars ; and then all on Wagon Hill lie down at their posts, just as they are, in case there should be another attack. And the officers looking round their men's sangars and posts, step carefully in the murky

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gloom ; for the living are lying down, carbine in hand, among the dead.

Jan. 7, Sunday.—All resumed work of making sangars at 3 a.m., and continued till about 7 a.m.

Profound quiet this morning ; not a gun fired. Sad sights all round us, tokens of the past struggle. Major A. H. M. Edwards, second in command of 5th Dragoon Guards, was commanding the Imperial Light Horse, which held this hill all day long on the 6th instant : he was wounded early in the day—shot in the shoulder narrowly missing his spine, as he was lying down firing with his men.

Lieutenant J. J. Richardson, 11th Hussars, who had been attached to the 5th Dragoon Guards until about a week ago, was commanding a squadron in the Imperial Light Horse. He also was wounded badly in the forearm early in the day.

Lieut.-General Sir George White visited Wagon Hill at about 8 a.m., and was good enough to express to the commanding officer his appreciation of the opportune arrival of all the cavalry on the previous afternoon ; General Ian Hamilton also expressed himself in similar terms to the commanding officer.

The Boers now sent in a flag of truce and ambulances, and asked that their dead might be given to them.

All being quiet, the regiment returned to Green Horse Valley at 11 a.m., after a very eventful absence of thirty hours !

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All wanted sleep badly !

Death Report : No. 4441 Private John Douglas : enteric.

Jan. 8.—Green Horse Valley. Heavy rain in night.

Death Report : No. 4542 Private William Rossbrook : enteric.

Jan. 9.—Green Horse Valley. Rained all day. "B" squadron officers' "house," being on lower ground, was flooded out and abandoned. All horses had to be moved to higher ground. The river a raging torrent to-day ; dead horses and mules seen careening down the flood.

The commanding officer was sent for to headquarters to-day, and the reinforcement of Observation Hill, in case of an attack there, was specially entrusted to the 5th Dragoon Guards. Information had been received that an attack there was probable. The commanding officer, therefore, went out to Observation Hill from 10 to 12 p.m. to make arrangements for contingencies.

Jan. 10.—Turned out and saddled up at 2 a.m. Men then allowed to lie down, ready dressed, till 4.30 a.m. As no alarm occurred, then went to Green Horse Valley for day.

Telegraph Hill fired a great deal, otherwise the bombardment was slack.

Star shell were fired from Observation Hill during the night. All of us slept in our clothes, ready.

Death Report : No. 4203 Lance-Corporal William

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Rees : enteric. No. 3747 Private Alfred Game : enteric.
No. 4606 Private Harold Dawson : enteric.

Jan. 11.—No attack. Green Horse Valley as usual. Practically *no* bombardment to-day! It seems quite funny. The moon is getting brighter now—better for us.

Death Report : No. 44997 Private Harry Coppard : enteric.

Jan. 12.—Regiment to Green Horse Valley. The commanding officer took squadron leaders round Observation Hill to observe how the defences were laid out. At Green Horse Valley one squadron practised attacking another, to accustom the men to taking cover behind, and advancing over, these stony kopjes. A welcome rumour arrived that Sir Redvers Buller's relieving force was at Potgeiter's Drift, about 17 miles south-west from Ladysmith on the Tugela.

Death Report : No. 4128 Lance-Corporal Charles Orton : enteric.

Jan. 13.—Bombarding away again. In the afternoon Bulwana landed a shell within four yards of the "B" squadron officers' cooking-place! Private Fox was standing there making a pudding : the shell luckily pitched just *beyond* him, and did not burst back. No damage was done, except that much earth was thrown into the pudding, which was spoilt ; which fact had more stress laid on it than any other, when Private Fox described the occurrence to the commanding officer shortly after it had happened!

Jan. 14, *Sunday*.—A quiet day in Green Horse

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Valley. All cavalry commanding officers attended at the brigadier's office in the afternoon to arrange the details of a Flying Column.

A very hot day.

Jan. 15.—Green Horse Valley. Bulwana bombarding.

Jan. 16.—The Boer 4·7 howitzer on Surprise Hill put a shell into the mess-tent of the 5th Lancers (next door to us) and wrecked it; slightly wounding Lieutenant Scriven, one of their officers. The fragments came into our camp also.

Death Report: No. 3934 Private C. Stirrett (11th Hussars, attached): enteric.

Jan. 17.—At 5.30 a.m. we heard loud reports of heavy guns from direction of Potgeiter's Drift! No doubt now they are Buller's guns! Good business! Absolutely no news about anything to be had! Bulwana fired a good deal to-day.

One of the officers' messes managed to secure a sucking pig for dinner! An enormous luxury nowadays. Buller's guns seemed to go on firing at intervals all night long: most encouraging! (Possibly the sucking pig assisted in keeping one awake to hear them!)

Jan. 18.—Buller's big guns firing at intervals during the whole day. At about 4 p.m. they suddenly began firing at a tremendous rate. The commanding officer and Captain Kennard went quickly to Observation Hill West, from whence the British lyddite shells could very clearly be seen bursting, even with

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the naked eye. The hill, on which were the British guns and the heliograph,* was well seen from here also. Firing gradually died away as darkness came on. Very exciting to look on at! They are both fighting about who is to have *us*! We could not see any Boers at all, or men of any kind: we had not the slightest idea as to what had been going on, or whether there had been any infantry assault at all, successful or otherwise. Most tantalizing.

Jan. 19.—The regiment received orders at 3 a.m. to go at once to Observation Hill, as an attack was anticipated there. We went there, dismounted immediately, leaving one quarter of the men behind, who took all the horses down to Green Horse Valley as best they could. Nothing having occurred up to 6 a.m., the dismounted men were sent, in driblets, to Green Horse Valley as usual.

At 12.30 p.m. orders were again received to be in immediate readiness to turn out mounted. We saddled up, and remained so for the rest of the day. Nothing occurred. Movements of the enemy towards this point had been reported during both the night and the day.

Jan. 20.—Buller still firing slowly all day. Very hot day. British field-guns seen bursting shrapnel over a ridge about 14 miles away in afternoon; no sound could be heard from these smaller guns; no result could be made out by us.

Jan. 21, Sunday.—No firing at all from Boer guns

* This was "Spearman's Hill."

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round us. Buller still firing away! Very heavy thunderstorm about 9 p.m.

It has now been officially notified that the operations of the relieving force have so far been most satisfactory.

[At the last "auction" eggs were sold for 22s. the dozen, and ten very ordinary cigarettes fetched 7s. 6d. We thought we should save money when this siege began, as one cannot possibly spend any on luxuries or amusements !]

Death Report : No. 4491 Private Robert Woollard : enteric. No. 3892 Private Thomas Butler : enteric.

Jan. 22, Monday.—A few of Buller's shells seen. The situation appears the same, except that our guns seem to have moved more westward. Telegraph Hill and Bulwana guns both firing away at us to-day. Reports current in evening that the Boers were seen to be bolting! We smile at these reports now : we know them : "they come from Sheffield !"

Jan. 23, Tuesday.—The commanding officer and adjutant rode to Observation Hill West at 4.30 a.m. Our garrison made a "demonstration : " fired off all our guns all round like anything.

The Boers hardly replied at first. At 6.45 a.m., when the commanding officer and staff were just going away, Surprise Hill howitzer landed a 40-pounder shrapnel a short way behind them. The fragments seemed to scour the whole hill, and the orderly's helmet was struck by a bullet, but no harm at all done.

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Buller's shells again seen bursting on Ntaba-Nyama ridge.

Death Report : No. 3744 Private William McBride : enteric.

Jan. 24, Wednesday. — The commanding officer and adjutant, and other officers who were on Cove Hill after breakfast, had an exciting morning. We saw the British guns shelling the ridges near "The Sisters" (Mabed-Hlane) and Spion Kop. Very heavy firing all the morning. The lyddite shells seen from a distance have a peculiar effect : suddenly the thickish stem of a tree seems to shoot up from the level ground, and from it a fine spreading tree-top quickly expands on all sides ; the effect in many cases being like an enormous oak tree rapidly springing out of the soil, which on these hill-tops is generally of a reddish character.

About 11.30 a.m. the British big guns suddenly ceased.

Soon after a Boer gun with black powder, on a smaller hill "this" side of "The Sisters" (on which hill was also a Boer camp), was seen to fire nine shots at Spion Kop !

We instantly deduced that the British had taken this point, as they had been firing lyddite at it shortly before. Great joy ! Wild excitement !

But we know nothing !

In the afternoon it is reported that a large body of men were seen to run down this ridge.

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No information received all day as to what has really happened. The suspense is very great.

Jan. 25, Thursday.—The commanding officer and adjutant (as news-purveyors to the regiment) were at Observation West at daylight. Very clear morning. All the laagers and tents of the Boers were seen to be in the same places as yesterday! A great shock! There were a lot of officers here looking on: almost dead silence prevailed amongst them; hardly a word was spoken, except in whispers. Evidently great anxiety!

Presently (through a telescope), signs of bustle in the laagers appear; gradually wagons begin to file away from each laager, and soon all three laagers are seen stretching over the plain in column, filing away in sinuous distant threads, going North!

Hurrah! we must have taken Spion Kop yesterday!

The good news was at once taken down to Green Horse Valley, and gaily discussed over breakfast there.

During the day the Boers were reported to be still "trekking;" but towards evening an ominous report was made that one of their laagers had *come back again!*

No news received to-day: all very anxious to hear what has happened.

Jan. 26, Friday.—A cloudy day: no heliographing possible! No news of any sort all the long weary day! Every man propounding his own theory and explanation of what has happened. Some were

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prophets of good, some of evil. All wearied with the fruitless task of trying to construct news with no materials.

An almost unique situation! Every one in the world has known what has happened long ago, except ourselves, the interested parties, under whose very eyes the battle has taken place! They know in London, America, and Australia. Every Boer around us knows. But *we* don't know!

Thank Heaven we had ducks for dinner to-night in our mess, bought at auction for some enormous sum. Let this one bright ray of comfort illumine an otherwise blankly uninteresting dismal twenty-four hours of existence.

Death Report: No. 2344 S.Q.M.S. Henry Thomas : dysentery.

Jan. 27, Saturday.—During the night news came in, from a Kaffir who had deserted to us from Telegraph Hill, that the British had taken Spion Kop, and that the Boer losses had been very great.

During the morning the sun came out, and heliographing was possible again. Then came the unwelcome news that although we had taken Spion Kop, the Boers retook it during the night! Our losses, too, were said to be very heavy.

Sad news this for all of us. It means that our comrades outside have suffered; it means that the date of our relief is again postponed, and the period of suspense prolonged indefinitely.

About 9.30 p.m. a terrible thunderstorm burst over

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Cove camp. Men and officers all stood to their tent-poles, and struggled manfully with the raging elements; the driving, pelting rain at first came straight through the dry tents, and every tent had at least pools of water on the floor. In the middle of the storm the wind suddenly veered round and blew straight back again with equal fury. This was fatal to many of our tents. When the wind and rain gradually abated, those of us whose tents remained standing ventured to let go their tent-poles and look outside.

Two-thirds of the officers' tents had been blown down, and some of them had been actually blown away! All were drenched, and, unfortunately, the poor officers on the sick list—Major Heneage and Captain Darbyshire among them—had lost their tents, and were wandering about drenched to the skin just as they got out of bed! Four of the men's large tents were actually down, and all of them were flooded and invaded by torrents of mud that flowed along the ground before the driving hurricane. Nothing could be done till morning.

Not a pleasant day—or night!

Jan. 28, Sunday.—A scene of wreck as the sun rose on Cove camp. Luckily, it *was* Sunday, or the unusual stir and bustle in camp would doubtless have drawn fire from the keen-eyed gunner on Bulwana! Luckily, also, a hot sun dried us, and the piles of bedding and clothes exposed to it all the morning.

All cavalry commanding officers met at General

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Brocklehurst's at 10 a.m., to consult about the necessity of reduced rations for our horses under the new conditions brought into being by the British reverse at Spion Kop. It is also known that the bread ration will cease from this date, and biscuit be substituted for it.

And so to church amid these thoughts and surroundings—in the little English church, the stonework of whose porch has been pierced by a shell from Pepworth Hill early in the bombardment, which nevertheless has spared the main building, where the oft-heard words seem to gather fuller and more real meanings; and where the prayer to "Give us this day our daily bread" has a significance fortunately unknown to the many thousands of worshippers who will also be, almost mechanically, repeating these same words, on this day—at home.

Death Report : No. 4490 Private Stephen Harrington : enteric.

The events of the past week have been purposely presented here exactly as they appeared at the time to all of us. These glimpses of the outside world, seen through a telescope, and garnished with reports, true, untrue, and fantastic, constituted the life of the regiment during these monotonous, dreary days, and therefore they may perchance be allowed to find a place here. For the rest: we rose early; groomed and fed our horses; slept; were fired at by various guns at regular hours; played Patience and Piquet; ate our rations; discussed military subjects, and

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rumours; talked about what we were going to have to eat (looking forward several meals ahead); talked about the prices realized at the last auction for eggs, and triumphantly demonstrated that ducks at 15s. 6d. apiece were better value than eggs at 35s. per dozen!

People say that natives of India, among themselves, talk of nothing but *money*. Verily, I believe, our conversation at this season chiefly consisted of "yea," "yea," "nay," "nay," "Buller's guns," and "eating"!

Jan. 29, Monday.—All cavalry commanding officers received orders at 2 p.m. to-day to turn out all their chargers and squadron horses to grass; except 75, for which a small grain ration would be available for issue! This was to be done at daybreak to-morrow! A terrible blow to the regiment: we have tended and cared for our fine horses all the siege with such labour and zeal, and now all our work is to be thrown away! No doubt the measure is an absolutely necessary one, but it is none the less bitter to cavalrymen for all that. It means, possibly, the practical loss of the 5th Dragoon Guards as an efficient fighting unit in the present campaign. Such arrangements as *could* be made, were made in hot haste, and the morrow looked for with apprehension. This step presumably was necessitated by what took place on the night of the 24th with Buller's force.

Jan. 30, Tuesday.—The best 75 horses in the regiment (including certain chargers) were told off

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as a mounted squadron, and sent down to Green Horse Valley under Captain Eustace.

A "dismounted regiment" of 18 officers and 173 effective N.C.O.'s and men was now left.

These led out the remaining horses which were to be turned out to grass, 305 in number, beyond Range Post, just outside our line of defences, and there they were turned loose to graze. The horses of the 19th Hussars were loose at this same spot also. Almost immediately the wild "Waler" horses began to get alarmed, and in less than a quarter of an hour the whole lot had stampeded and made off towards camp, galloping over rocks, into barbed wire fences, and encountering every danger possible. All day long horses were galloping about in every quarter of Ladysmith, and the streets were dangerous to ride in! The men were employed all day in catching the poor brutes (who galloped into their old places in the horse-lines, and whinnied for their nose-bags to be put on them), and leading them out again beyond Range Post and turning them loose. In fact, we spent our day insisting upon disbanding, and getting rid of our horses out of camp, against their will! At night all the mixed mobs of horses were driven into the town, and some of them were got into a wired-in enclosure where they had to spend the night. Most of them again broke away and went back to their respective camps, and the men again had to take them back to the "kraal" for the night. This day was really the only day in which all ranks had

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been really down in the mouth, and the scenes were enough to make any cavalry soldier miserable.

To add to the foregoing depressing influences, the following order now appeared :—

“The following will be rations for men and horses from this date :

Rations for Officers and Men.

Preserved meat $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. *or* fresh meat 1 lb.

Biscuits $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. *or* 1 lb. of bread. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of fresh meat will be issued in addition on days when biscuit is supplied.

Tea *or* coffee, one-sixth of an ounce.

Sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces.

Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.

Pepper, $\frac{1}{36}$ ounce.

Horses.

For 75 horses per regiment—

Mealies, 3 lbs.

Cut chaff, 4 lbs.

Grass, 16 lbs.

Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.

All other horses to be grazed.”

After this we had to give up providing tea at Reveille for the men. The shortness of bread or biscuit, and the short ration of sugar, were the things most keenly felt. Up till now we had been making porridge of mealie flour—which gave us all a good start in the morning, at any rate. Now our porridge stopped,

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and the men only had tea and biscuits for breakfast. The meat ration was good, certainly in *quantity*, and kept us going along.

Jan. 31, Wednesday.—Our horses were driven out of the kraal over Range Post to graze (or what few of them would go there!): nearly all again stampeded and returned to Cove camp.

The horses were now a pitiable sight. The night had been wet and very cold; many were lame, many cut about by rocks and barbed wire fences. Ours were irrevocably mixed up with the 19th Hussars, 5th Lancers, and 18th Hussars.

This state of things continued daily onwards; the work was heavy on officers and men, who had constantly to be detailed to take out horses, or to go out and bring in horses reported to be straying out too far.

We now have a mounted squadron and a dismounted regiment in the 5th Dragoon Guards! We have drawn out of store long Lee-Metford rifles and bayonets, infantry braces, and ammunition pouches, and we can put about 173 "infantry" men into the field to man defences where required. To-day shells from Surprise Hill 40-lb. howitzer kept dropping on Cove Hill just behind us, and sending splinters and stones all over our camp, causing some annoyance.

Feb. 1, Thursday.—The "mounted squadron" goes down to Green Horse Valley at 4.45 a.m. daily now, and the dismounted regiment remains in Cove camp. About 9 a.m. with a fierce rush the 6-inch

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gun on Telegraph Hill landed a shell just between two of our "B" squadron tents. A lot of men were within a few yards of where it burst, and yet no one was injured! Two more shells came in at quick intervals almost in the same place, but the commanding officer had ordered the men to go on to the hill-side, and fortunately they escaped. One man was just grazed. Although this gun is the same size as Bulwana, it is barely 6000 yards away, instead of Bulwana's range of over 8000 yards; consequently it appears to come in twice as fast, and very much more viciously!

Feb. 2, Friday.—Same as yesterday. No news of any sort all this time about Buller's movements: nothing to think about except what we eat (or what we *don't* eat!).

Feb. 3, Saturday.—Great trouble about collecting straying horses. As usual, Buller's guns were heard a good deal to-day; not in the same places as before, apparently.

Allusion has been made to the great thirst for *any* interesting news from the outside world, from which we are completely cut off: we don't expect, of course, to be told anything about the future movements of the British forces, or anything that might be of the smallest use to the enemy, as all *we* know in Ladysmith goes straight out to the Boers through spies. Some little amusement was, however, caused about this time by a message heliographed in to us by the gallant colonel, who has come to the relieving column

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as intelligence officer. The message was to this effect: "Information has been brought in to Chieveley by a 'runner,' that there has been *no gun* on Bulwana for the past two days!" Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Here's a siege joke for you! Something to make us laugh! We don't know anything about anything in any other part of the globe, but we *do* flatter ourselves we know something about Bulwana! It happens that Bulwana has been very unusually active during the day on which this message is received, and the reader may imagine the feelings of the eager inquirer after news when this astounding and gratifying piece of intelligence is smilingly fired into him by one of our genial staff officers!

After having spent the day in dodging 96-lb. shells from Bulwana, it is certainly refreshing to be informed in the evening that there is no gun on it! (Much laughter.) If ever our good friend the colonel happens to find himself in a besieged city (which Heaven forfend!) we have arranged to keep him thoroughly posted up in the latest harrowing details of the decease of the lamented Good Queen Anne!

It is strongly rumoured in the town that Ladysmith is to be attacked either to-night or to-morrow night. Full preparations were therefore made for our going to Observation Hill East at a moment's notice during the night—which, however, passed off peacefully.

Feb. 4, Sunday.—A peaceful day; no firing at all. Bathing parades. Received orders late to bivouac on

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Observation Hill. The three squadrons were distributed "in support" along the long front; the night was beautifully fine, and perfectly quiet; lying out was no hardship.

Feb. 5, Monday.—All of us got "under arms" at 3 a.m. As everything was quiet when day dawned, we returned to Cove camp about 5.30 a.m. for the day.

Soon afterwards Buller's guns were heard from about the direction of Keat's Drift, apparently, and in other places too. The firing went on incessantly, and was very heavy about 7.30 a.m. All day heavy "booming" continued: a tremendous bombardment about 3 p.m.! Firing continued till after nightfall.

No one in Ladysmith has any idea what has taken place! Most exciting and tantalizing.

Death Report: No. 4286 Private Herbert Clarke: enteric. No. 4566 Private William Holt: enteric.

Feb. 6, Tuesday.—Firing from Buller and some Boer guns began about 5 a.m. To-day from our camp we could see the white puff of smoke as a Boer gun fired, and the answering column of brown dust as a lyddite shell burst on the same ridge. This appeared to go on all day long. One knows nothing of what is going on, and one's attention wanders away from this distant yet visible sign of fighting, in spite of the intense personal interest every individual man among us is bound to be feeling in it!

The commanding officer was on a Field General Court Martial to-day—held on a civilian charged with

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“using words calculated to create despondency,” etc. It is high time that some check was put on this sort of thing. The evidence disclosed that the accused man—a contractor—had on several occasions used most improper language to N.C.O.’s and men of the Devon Regiment; exaggerating the British losses at Colenso, for example; suggesting that the soldiers here would have “worse things to come,” etc., and words to that effect. He was found guilty, and sentenced to one year’s imprisonment. The trial of this man will probably have an excellent effect, and show that a power to check any conduct of this sort among civilians *does* exist, and will be made use of if necessary. It was within the powers of this court to have sentenced the man to “Death,” and the prisoner looked as if he knew it, during the trial!

Orders were received to-day that the regiment was to do some actual shooting with its new infantry rifles, to accustom the men to their use. Accordingly, we lined the outer line (some way below the crest) of Observation Hill East, and the men sat and lay among the rocks. Squadron leaders then practised their men individually by directing them to “hit” various objects pointed out in their front, omitting all other instructions (which are to be found in that interesting work, the “Musketry Regulations”).

It was extremely instructive and pleasant to see some of the men—hitherto always accustomed to be told *everything* by an officer—fire their first few consecutive shots.

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Supposing a man to have been directed to "hit" a small bush, say 700 yards away : in some cases, from force of habit, he would hardly consider for two seconds what the distance really was, but put up his sights to, say 300 yards, very *smartly*. Then he would fire at his mark. Luckily, we could see where each bullet struck in the dusty, grassy plain. When such a man saw that his bullet had fallen very short of his mark, a revulsion of feeling came over him, and one saw men realizing for themselves that all these theories about sighting rifles and judging distance were *real* things, and *practical* things, and *simple* things!

It was now a pleasure to see how the whole character of the shooting changed, and how one heard men most intelligently advising each other as to lowering or raising their sights.

In this one respect lies the chief distinction between our men and the Boers. Our men can shoot capitally *at a target, at a known range*, and with officers (who themselves know the range) to tell them. The Boer is just the reverse! Each man is capable of doing all this for himself; he shoots "with his head;" the first thing he thinks about is, "What is the range?" Consequently, any Boer can be put into a "sangaar" by himself, with a bag of cartridges, and be told to stay there all day and shoot at any mark presenting itself, with the knowledge that he *will* use his head, and sight his rifle more or less correctly for any given mark whenever it appears.

But to return from this digression. Our firing had



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Orders were given for the formation of a flying column, to meet the relieving column should it get close to us. Under this scheme the dismounted part of the 5th Dragoon Guards were told off to defend the line of the greater part of Cæsar's camp.

Accordingly the commanding officer and squadron leaders put in a very hot morning's work there, studying the line of defence and the ground. This place was especially interesting, as it was very hotly attacked by the Boers during the fight of the 6th January. To-day our Engineers are busy making sangars along this crest-line, and also clearing the field of fire by cutting down the trees on the slope below our sangars; these measures will no doubt very greatly increase the strength of our defence, should another attack be ever made here.

At the kraals into which the mixed mobs of horses of the various regiments are driven each evening, it appeared to-day that there were very few horses of the 5th Dragoon Guards comparatively.

When questioned, a sergeant of the 5th Lancers said that on the section of which his grazing guard was in charge, they only stopped 5th Lancers' horses from straying away! Report and inquiries having been made, it appeared that some clashing of orders brought about this unfortunate result.

It is greatly feared that many of our horses have gradually grazed away from us in this direction, and gone on till they reached the better grass near the Boer lines, and thus been taken! Many of them

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were seen, and reported to have been seen, outside Observation Hill for several mornings past.

Simultaneously with the order to turn our horses out to grass, had been issued another: that each regiment was to hand over 33 horses—to be *eaten*!

A gruesome order for a cavalry regiment, hoping to continue to take its part in this campaign after “the relief,” but no doubt necessary, and therefore made the best of by all of us.

A regular factory was started for turning out some very excellent soup, which was named “Chevril” by Colonel Ward, A.A.G. (B), having the fear of a prosecution for libel before his eyes if he had dared to call it “Bovril”!

This “Chevril” was certainly excellent, and was greatly appreciated by all ranks.

The heat during these last few days has been very trying, and to-night the heat seemed to continue almost as great—quite contrary to the usual grateful coolness.

Some officers slept outside, just as if in India still!

Death Report: No. 2017 Staff-Sergeant-Farrier Thomas Parker: dysentery.

Feb. 8, Thursday.—In consequence of what had been heard about our grazing horses yesterday, the commanding officer sent out a patrol in front of Observation Hill at daybreak, under Lieutenant Dunbar, who had volunteered to take it. This patrol managed to rescue about ten horses and mules belonging to various corps, but mostly belonging to

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5th Dragoon Guards. These horses, however, had been out so long without being driven in, that they had now strayed far away from our defences, and Lieutenant Dunbar and his patrol did very well in getting them back, as they came under rifle fire and also under shrapnel fire from Surprise Hill while engaged in rounding up these horses.

Buller's guns, and the Boers' also, were heard firing slowly all day. No news.

We were called upon to send away a *second* batch of 33 more horses for slaughter to-day—to the "Chevril" factory. The horses out at grass are becoming much more tractable (no wonder, poor brutes!), and spend all their time eating, instead of galloping wildly about as they did at first: consequently a marked improvement in the condition of those still remaining to us can be now seen, comparing them with the state they were in on the second day after being turned out.

This was the hundredth day of the siege of Ladysmith! During the night, at about 1.30 a.m., Surprise Hill fired three howitzer shells which came somewhere near the camp—one of them, at any rate, sending stones, etc., over our tents. Then Bulwana took it up, and he fired several shots—some of which did not burst—into some place near the town.

It was most gratifying to notice how still our camp was; hardly a sound was heard in it, and apparently no notice at all was taken of the shelling. Shells

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bursting at night are less pleasant than in the daytime, but the wishes of the commanding officer that every one should remain quiet, and that there should be no talking, were admirably carried out. Had the bombardment continued, and been effectual, orders would have been given to turn out quietly and move up to Cove Hill. It is most important at all times *not* to have people talking or making any noise during the night, as two or three men can spoil the repose of a whole regiment by so doing.

Feb. 9, Friday.—A 96-lb. shell, fired from Bulwana last night, was brought into our camp, and purchased for £6. It was complete, except that the fuse was out of it, and there was no powder in it when first seen: rather a mystery.

Buller's guns fired a few shots about 8 a.m., and then the firing seemed to stop altogether; it was very hazy, and impossible to see any distance.

No news of any sort yet.

It was announced during the day that the bread ration was again to be reduced by *one-half*! Also that in future even the 75 favoured horses would receive *no* grain ration! Bread is now to us "more precious than rubies."

Feb. 10, Saturday.—The "dismounted regiment" walked to Observation East, and did some useful aiming and "snapping" at various objects pointed out to them by troop leaders.

We concluded by some "judging distance," with some fine *long* ranges, the distances being ascertained

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by the help of a "Mekometer" range-finder, which the commanding officer has managed to pick up here.

For some reason not quite clear, these range-finders were taken away *entirely* from all cavalry regiments in India, and they were left with absolutely no means of ascertaining ranges!

We went "on service" like this, and lately we have been unable to train any N.C.O.'s to the use of the range-finder, not having an instrument to teach them with. If properly worked, this is an excellent range-finder—compared to any other known to us—for cavalry purposes, and it has been found most useful in making a hurried map of a piece of country which could not be traversed in the ordinary way on account of the enemy's presence. When one first arrives at a position which may have to be held for some hours or days, the Mekometer is invaluable for quickly preparing a table in one's note-book of the ranges to all the most well-defined objects in view: armed with this information, one can start an action with an enormous advantage, as one's fire should be instantly *effective*. If any one can invent a *better* range-finder, by all means let us have it; but don't say we must have *none at all* because there are a few slight imperfections in the Mekometer, which are well known to all who understand the subject.

Buller (or the Boers) again fire a few shots about 8 a.m. to-day. Much too hazy to see anything. Rain is now wanted very badly; the heat is intense, and the

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grass is stopping growing, which will be a very serious thing for our grazing horses and cattle! No news.

There was a good deal of firing round Ladysmith to-day, and Bulwana especially made a very vicious "set" at the 18th Hussars and "the Manchesters," on the Cæsar's camp plateau. Certainly the man who shoots this Bulwana gun is an artist at his work; both the man and the gun are simply excellent; they seem to be able to place their shells just where they like! We think the 6-inch gun that was on Telegraph Hill has been taken away for some days past, as it has ceased to annoy us.

Feb. 11, Sunday.—Church parade service, for the dismounted regiment, at 6.30 a.m., at the Naval Brigade camp (near ours), and in company with our gallant friends the Blue-jackets. The Rev. A. V. C. Hordern officiated, and gave a short service, as we stood in a nullah out of sight of Bulwana, for fear the gunner there might forget it was the sabbath, as he has done before!

Mr. Hordern has been out at Intombi camp, and only returned thence last evening. He himself has been ill with dysentery, poor fellow, and is still very weak, but at his duty. He gave us sad accounts of our comrades now out in hospital at Intombi. The poor fellows are suffering a great deal from dysentery, and enteric and intermittent fever. The cruel part of it all is that there is scarcely any of the all-necessary milk to give them, and they have to do the best they can almost upon the ordinary ration which *we* are

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getting. When once a man gets into a weak state, it is so difficult to pull him round again without giving him any good nourishing food. Of course, all the tinned milk, whisky, brandy, arrowroot, and everything that would be of value for sick men, was "commandeered" by our authorities at the beginning of the siege, to be kept for the sick and wounded ; so they are getting all there was, and is, available. Mr. Hordern says that the current state of affairs shows a very marked influence on the state of the sick and the daily number of deaths. If Buller's guns are heard nearer, or if any good news is given them, they cheer up wonderfully and say they feel better ; but if they have bad, or no news at all, the death rate is certain to be heavier on that day : they die as much from sheer weariness, and weakness from want of food, as from the diseases to which the deaths are actually attributed.

A sad state of affairs, for which we all feel deeply.

Feb. 12, Monday.—We saw some English papers to-day, and tried to realize the state of mind our friends in England must have been in during the two days after the attack made on us here on 6th January !

Apparently the last message from Ladysmith said, "Hard pressed" ! Then the rain-storm came on, and no more news could be sent by the helio. It seems that in London they did not know the glorious result of that Saturday's work till the following Tuesday morning !

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We heard to-day that "things are going all right."

A great relief to be told this: we don't want to know any details, if it is not considered advisable to give them.

Orders were received to-day that we were to bivouac every night in future on Observation Hill East.

This was an entirely new departure, and we are now in for a purely infantry *rôle*! However, we were all ready to take up anything, and at dusk walked out to our new post. We had to build two forts on the summits of two small hill-tops in the crest-line. They were made eight yards long, four yards wide, four and a half feet high, and from five feet at the bottom to three feet at the top in thickness. The ground on these hills is just like iron; it is studded with large iron stones of various sizes embedded in it. It is impossible to say, when one starts to loosen a stone, how big it is underground; sometimes, after ten minutes' work with a crowbar, a given stone had to be abandoned as an impossible job. The weight of the stones, too, was very great, and the labour of collecting them, carrying, and building them up in the moonlight was very heavy. The men and officers worked hard from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m., and went to lie down on the hillside for the night tired, after some very heavy work, considering the weak state into which insufficient food had brought them.

Feb. 13, Tuesday.—Walked back to Cove camp at 5 a.m. All quiet. We went out again at night, and completed the two forts begun last night. A heavy

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job, well over. The men are very weak, and not able for heavy work which in ordinary times they would think nothing of. All worked excellently, however. Bivouacked again as last night.

Death Report : No. 4534 Lance-Corporal Hugh Soliague : dysentery.

Feb. 14, Wednesday.—Back to Cove at 5 a.m. for the day. The regiment is now doing a sort of Box and Cox arrangement! The mounted squadron go to Green Horse Valley still in the daytime, and sleep at Cove ; while the dismounted regiment come to Cove for the daytime, and sleep at Observation East!

To-day the section of defences on which we have built our forts was formally handed over to the 5th Dragoon Guards, to be responsible for in every way! It is much more satisfactory to have an independent command, to know exactly our line of defence, and be able to make arrangements for all eventualities in the section for which we are responsible. During the following days all ranks were busy morning and evening working on our new "Green Horse Post," and putting it in a thorough state of defence. Loop-holes were made, sangars improved, places for Cossack posts at night selected, barbed wire put down in front of our line, etc. The commanding officer made a contoured sketch of the whole position, giving distances to all points within range. In short, all ranks entered into the spirit of their new duties with the greatest zest and alacrity, and felt proud that after having had one successful dart at the Boers

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at Elandslaagte in their proper *rôle* of cavalry, they were now entrusted with part of the outer line of the Ladysmith defences where they might have another opportunity of trying to do their duty this time dismounted.

The 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of February passed in this manner: more or less quiet, dull, listless, hungry days! We heard some good news from Lord Roberts, and are also glad to hear reports that our late cavalry commander, General French, is doing excellent work. An article about him appeared in a Natal paper, in the course of which it drew attention to the way in which *cavalry* men had come to the front as leaders during this war. Our excellent late "C.O.," Colonel Baden-Powell, was also quoted as another instance; to which we all say "Hear! Hear!" very loudly and proudly.

But while *we* have only minor ills to bear, sad reports come from the Hospital Camp at Intombi. For three more of our poor weak comrades the long-deferred relief of Ladysmith has tarried too long!

In Regimental Orders we read the now too frequent formula: "The 'C.O.' greatly regrets to have to announce the deaths of the following":—

16th Feb., 1900.—3861 Private Geo. John Smith, from enteric.

17th Feb., 1900.—4558 Private J. Trebbett, from enteric.

18th Feb., 1900.—3832 Private F. Foster (11th Hussars, attached), from enteric.

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Feb. 19, Monday.—Lieut.-General Sir George White visited our No. 2 Fort about 6 this morning: a good view could be obtained thence of the country about Monte Christo, in which Buller is now operating. The Commander-in-Chief was able to tell us that all was going on capitally. Buller was heard firing a great deal to-day.

Feb. 20, Tuesday.—Heard more good news. Buller has taken his positions, and Roberts is forging ahead well! All very pleased. Guns again heard booming away towards Colenso direction—seeming very near.

The weather made an extraordinary change to-day; it was about 30° colder than yesterday!

Surprise Hill howitzer fired two 40-pounders at Observation East in evening. No damage done then; but in the morning the Leicesters had lost one man killed and two wounded at Observation West from this gun.

A fatigue party of ours, while on duty removing some tin roofing from the permanent camp, was fired on, and No. 4487 Private Woodburne Fell was slightly wounded in the neck by a shrapnel bullet. He was able to walk into camp, however.

Feb. 21, Wednesday.—At 5 a.m., the "C.O." having seen two Boers on "Wall Kopje," about 1700 yards away, a "sniping match" with them was indulged in. They were seen to jump at the first shot, and they quickly disappeared; then they fired a shot back again; after that we kept putting bullets so as to

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search out different parts of the rear slope of the hill. These Boers were not heard or seen again.

This power of annoying a body of troops from a distance is one of the most remarkable features of the new warfare! Nowadays a man in khaki clothes can worm his way under cover to a certain spot, and there lie hidden in grass or behind a rock; thence for a radius of 2000 yards or more all around him he can send bullets whizzing about anybody whom he sees! Without going to the place, it is almost impossible to locate such a man: his rifle makes no smoke, and the report only gives a faint guide as to the direction, even. We have rifle ammunition in plenty, and so generally fire at spots likely to conceal a man when this occurs; and sometimes the cessation of the sniping shows that one of our chance bullets has been near enough to make the "sniper" think it prudent to knock off his work for some time, at any rate.

In Cove camp, at about 11 a.m., a working party of infantry were up on the hill above us, but unseen to us. Surprise Hill fired at them: they at once retired to the crest-line just above our camp. Surprise Hill then pitched a shell just on the crest-line, which burst and deluged the whole camp with splinters! Three times this happened, and the working party kept going back again at intervals during the day. Most providentially no one was hurt, although many of the tents were struck, and also some of the men by spent bullets rebounding

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from the ground. The "C.O." wrote asking that working parties should not be allowed on this hill during daylight, in fairness to our officers and men.

We were told this afternoon that there was *good* news in! No details can be told. Never mind: it's *good*!

Feb. 22, Thursday.—In Cove camp at about 10.30 a.m. All was going on quietly as usual. The adjutant and three squadron sergeant-majors were "checking defaulters' books" in the very diminutive orderly-room tent. Suddenly a distant "boom" was heard, then a rushing noise, as a shrapnel from Surprise Hill skimmed just over the crest of the steep hill behind us and burst about twenty feet from the level of our camp—almost over the line of officers' tents. The "C.O." happened to be at the guard tent at this moment, and so got a bird's-eye view of exactly what happened. The ground among and around the officers' tents seemed to be torn up by the shrapnel bullets, and a cloud of dust arose while the white smoke slowly drifted away. No. 4087 Private Thomas Howard the orderly, who was sitting outside the orderly-room, was struck in the back, and the bullet went through his lungs, poor fellow! Major Hilliard, R.A.M.C., was with him instantly, and within a few minutes he was bound up and on his way to No. 11 British Field Hospital. Two bullets passed through the orderly-room tent, but no one was struck. Most of the officers' tents had bullet-holes through them. Lieutenant and

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Adjutant Winwood, whose tent had been wrecked by Bulwana on 11th December when standing next to the "C.O.'s" bell tent on its east side, had now taken up his abode still next door to the "C.O.," but on the west side. Into this tent a large piece of shrapnel casing, weighing some two pounds, found its way: it struck the pillow lying on Winwood's bed, tore it to pieces, and came to a full stop among the bed-clothes! A good thing Winwood was not in his bed then! The feathers from this pillow floated out of the tent, and pervaded the whole camp. There were about five or six officers on the sick list (but not sent to hospital) lying in their tents during this, but fortunately none were hurt. Search was at once made on the hill-top to see if any one were there to have drawn this fire; but no one was seen, and the mystery why this shell was thus fired has never been solved. Surprise Hill cannot *see* our camp at all.

Almost immediately after this "bolt from the blue" came a divisional order that the present meagre biscuit ration was to be doubled! No order could have been more popular! The want of bread or biscuit has been very severely felt by us all. No one can realize what it is to have every luxury and "extra" cut off, and *then* to be deprived of almost all one's bread as well, till it has been actually experienced. Buller was heard in the distance still fighting away. Our friends on the staff won't let out what the good news actually *is*, but say, "Isn't the

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extra biscuit good news enough for you?" To which we fervently reply, "It is!" It is indeed tangibly good news; and how we gloat over them when we each receive five and three-quarter beautiful whole biscuits for our very own, which may be eaten all in the same day!

By-the-by, an order was issued some time back stopping the auctions of vegetables, etc., at which prices had risen to an astounding pitch; henceforward all these articles were to be "commandeered" for the use of the sick in hospital. As eggs had reached 48s. per dozen, and other produce was all in the same proportion, it was possibly becoming almost a scandal, and only tended to enrich those who had withheld their stores earlier in the siege, hoping to make an exorbitant gain from the soldiers who were fighting their battles for them. Now we were entirely dependent upon our rations, and really hungry we were; after every meal one got up regretfully after removing every crumb of biscuit from one's plate and the table. Dinner now consisted of a cup of "Chevril," some boiled "trek" ox (fearfully tough and often quite unchewable), some salt, pepper, mustard, and what biscuit remained of your day's ration of two and three-quarter biscuits! With this one had to drink "KLIP—1900,"* and a very dirty, muddy drink it was as a rule, in spite of all the plans for filtering, condensing, etc. The total

* I regret to say this high-sounding wine was only river water.—ST. J. G.



AT MUSKETRY.

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absence of all vegetables, butter, fat, jam, "drink," and smoke, and almost total absence of bread, and all the thousand little things one is accustomed to, told severely on officers and men, and nearly all were looking decidedly pinched and wan by now; many complained of great weakness, and felt quite "done" after a short walk of a mile or so. The sickness among the officers seemed to have increased now, while that of the men had somewhat improved.

The following officers were on the sick list about this time, chiefly from dysentery and fevers:—Major Heneage, Captain Darbyshire, Major Hoare, Captain Mappin, Captain Gaunt (for a few days), Second Lieutenant Kinnear, Lieutenant Hon. R. L. Pomeroy, Second Lieutenant Melvill, Second Lieutenant Norwood, Lieutenant Watson, and other officers occasionally. With such a large number away from duty from various causes, we were indeed short of officers; the next senior officer to Lieut.-Colonel Gore for almost two months past has been Captain Eustace, the shortness of officers being especially great in the higher ranks.

All slept at Observation East as usual; we have now got some tents there for the reserve, and some shelters made in the forts for the men there. We are so short of men from sickness that the men available for the reserve are often very few indeed. At this time we were showing in our weekly return that the officers, N.C.O.'s, and men were getting "no nights in bed."

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Death Report : No. 3918 Private Walter Beardon : enteric.

Feb. 23, Friday.—In the night we had moved one of our two ancient, but now invaluable, howitzers from Wagon Hill to Observation Hill West. It was here well placed, out of sight of Surprise Hill ; and when that enemy of ours began his usual games, it steadily got to work, and made it so hot for him that Surprise Hill gave it up as “not good enough.” A great boon for the 5th Dragoon Guards, as we have a special enmity against this gun (and his gunners !) now. Private Howard, who was wounded by it yesterday, is doing well in Hospital.

No definite news yet.

Feb. 24, Saturday.—Buller has fired a tremendous lot yesterday and to-day. Firing gradually died away ; we can make nothing out of what is going on.

The “C.O.” had the honour of eating luncheon with Sir A. Hunter (chief of the staff) to-day. Things are still said to be “going on most satisfactorily,” so he returned to Cove camp much comforted both mentally and bodily ! Being asked out for a meal (by any one who can afford to do it) is a real compliment in these hard times ! It is indeed an engagement not to be forgotten or trifled with. In the piping times of peace and plenty it is always the wrong people who are asked out to dinner ; it is the man who has plenty of money, and excellent clubs to dine at, besides having perhaps already several invitations for the same evening ; it is *that* man to

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whom ordinary people's thoughts turn when they are casting about for "an extra man" to invite. Meantime many a poor devil with a badly filled inside would give worlds to have the leavings of the favoured one's dishes! Nobody will ask *him* to dinner!

This siege is actually conducive to moralizing!

Feb. 25, Sunday.—No parade service: the regiment is scattered all over the place in the mornings, and is too hard-worked and sleepy and hungry for more parades! We have no parson, either (another excellent reason).

At the English church the preacher discoursed chiefly of Noah and the Flood. During the service, several times the hoarse boom of our guns on the far side of Cæsar's camp intruded itself upon us; curiously enough, they were firing at a working party of Boers who were making a dam across the river Klip just below the point where it leaves the broad valley in which Ladysmith town lies. This dam has inspired us all with much curiosity, and some surmise that the Boers' intention is to flood all the valley out when the next heavy rainfall occurs!

At any rate, this passing incident in connection with the two "Floods" seemed to place the preacher's discourse more in touch with the stirring events in the midst of which it was composed and delivered than his chosen subject would seem to give promise of.

No other firing occurred during this Sunday, and

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by 8 p.m. those of us not actually on sentry or patrol were asleep at our posts at Observation East.

About 9.30 p.m. a deal of firing was heard, and the commanding officer and staff went up to No. 2 Fort to see what was going on. Some of the "Leicesters" at Observation West had fired, and about fifty Boers (as my sentries estimated them) had been firing out of the darkness, but a long way off. None of our men fired a shot. At the same time heavy firing was heard in the south at a distance; independent firing was answered by smart volleys: this was conjectured to be from Buller's force, but it seemed so near that several people listening thought it was round Cæsar's camp. All was quiet again in an hour, and a disturbed night's rest resumed by some.

Death Report: No. 4528 Private Albert Rigby: enteric.

Feb. 26, Monday.—All quiet in morning; Buller's guns seemed farther off to-day! The Boers round us did a good deal of bombarding, but not at our camp.

In the afternoon came the splendid news that Lord Roberts had surrounded Cronje, killed and wounded 1700, and taken prisoner 8000!

This was from a newspaper source "helio'd" in to us. Every one simply delighted, and all as jolly as possible at the excellent prospect now unfolded. Buller added that the country was very difficult, and his own progress therefore slow; but all going most satisfactorily with him.

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All very quiet in the night ; it rained and was very cold for our men on the hillside.

On this day the following appeared in Regimental Orders :—

“ Special.

“The Commanding Officer has the pleasure of announcing that Major General Howard, commanding B section of the defences, has expressed himself to the General Officer Commanding Cavalry Brigade as being much pleased by the good work done by the 5th Dragoon Guards on the post allotted to them on Observation Hill East.”

Death Report : No. 4533 Lance-Corporal Benjamin Canham : enteric.

Feb. 27, Tuesday.—This is the great “Majuba Day” always celebrated by the Boers! We expect they will attempt to fire a “salute,” or be funny in some such way ; but the most likely times, sunrise and noon, both pass away quietly. In the afternoon Bulwana apparently had a party of Dutch ladies around the gun, and the gunner evidently was giving them a show of “how it’s done.” He sent some marvellously long shots at various places : at Wagon Hill, King’s Post, and particularly at the howitzer which we had recently placed on Observation West. His shooting at the latter was certainly excellent, and we trust the ladies were satisfied with him. As far as we know, no damage was done during these feats

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of skill. Our gunners were coolly sitting on the edge of the pit in which was their howitzer, awaiting the dropping of the big shell : seen from Cove Hill, one shell seemed to be almost *in* the pit, but it proved afterwards to have been thirty yards away. An exhilarating spectacle of good shooting and pluck : the range must have been near 10,000 yards ! And so "Majuba Day" went merry as a marriage bell—until the afternoon, when it was announced that the biscuit ration was to be again *reduced* ! It may seem strange (to those who were *not* in Ladysmith) to write in this strain ; but it came as a real, tangible blow to a lot of under-fed, hungry men. The Englishman is always said to be peculiarly susceptible to attacks on his "food," and here was an unexpected and very grievous one, however necessary. A memo. accompanied this intelligence, saying that it was in no way connected with any bad news, but that Sir Redvers Buller's progress, though very sure and real, was slow, and it was necessary to be on the safe side with the supply of rations. This time we received every man *one quarter* of a pound of biscuit (about one and three-quarters biscuit), and three ounces of "mealie meal" ! When this diminutive supply of biscuit *for one whole day* is placed in one's hand, one feels inclined to emulate the London cabman and observe, "'Ere, what do you call this? *You* call yourself a gentleman?" and certainly with more pardonable sarcasm than often used by our friend Jehu when he has received at least sixpence *more* than he ought to get !

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In the evening *official* news is received saying: Following message has been received from Field-Marshal Lord Roberts this morning, February 27th. Begins: "General Cronje and all his force were captured unconditionally at daylight this morning, and he is now a prisoner in my camp. Strength of his forces will be communicated later."

So it's all right—but apparently the former news was premature!

We have been puzzled since yesterday by the receipt of a telegram for one of our officers, "Kennary, 5th D.G.," containing merely the one word "Hurrah" from "Father." The officer's name is wrongly spelt, and it might be for either of two officers whose names somewhat resemble the one telegraphed. Both of the officers implicated in this mystery persist in disowning their parent in so far as he may be mixed up with this really cheerful telegram. They both say that they must really positively decline to "Hurrah" under present conditions. If (they say) the parent in question has been able to buy Maxim "Pom-Pom" shares before the rise, or if he has just had an unusually good dinner, they hope to be able to mingle their filial joy with his at some later date; at present, however, they have only got some horse, a biscuit and a quarter, and a glass of water, and they really *can't* run to a good "Hurrah" on that!

We are inclined to think, however, that the newspapers have played us a trick, and may have

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announced the "Relief of Ladysmith" somewhat prematurely. We hear that the "Fall of Ladysmith" was announced (at any rate, on the Continent) at least seven times, so possibly we may forgive a man who takes a more sanguine view, at any rate for his first offence.

About midnight heavy firing was heard, and flashes seen, upon Lombard's Kop and Gun Hill. The Boers are doubtless a bit "jumpy" there, and as the flashes of rifles were seen upon the top of Lombard's Kop, it is possible they may have shot a few of their friends on Gun Hill below, and so saved us some trouble. Our field-guns fired a few rounds in that direction, with what result we could not see.

And with this very excellent news from "Bobs" so ended "Majuba Day, 1900."

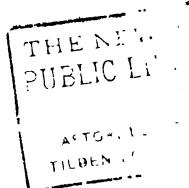
In the name of the British army we all say, "Thank God!"

Feb. 28, Wednesday.—The usual dreary, dull, hungry routine. Men and officers perhaps a bit sleepier and duller than usual, after being all kept awake last night by the firing. We officers shuffle out of our tents sleepily at 12.30, and eat our minced horse, and as much of the precious biscuit as we can run to for this meal, accompanied by a *very* occasional remark; returning each to his own tent immediately he has eaten all he can get.

It is very hot in the stuffy tents, and a listless drowsiness pervades the whole camp. There is



IN GREEN HORSE VALLEY, AFTER THE RELIEF.
A mess-house and trenches destroyed by floods.



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complete silence from the men's tents; the horse-lines are deserted and empty, save for some half-dozen wretched-looking horses (left in from various causes) swishing the flies off with their tails, now too weak to keep up the incessant stamping there used to be all the long day.

The "C.O." is lying down in his tent. Presently the "D.A.A.G. for Water," Lieutenant Abadie, of the 11th Hussars, rides up to our camp: he stops outside one of our officers' tents and says, "Have you heard the news? Buller gave the Boers a *Hell* of a licking yesterday, and they are now in full retreat!"

The effect of this is simply magical!

From this fountain-head throughout the camp north, south, east, and west branches off a wave, increasing in volume as it surges. People run from one tent to the next, carrying on the almost stupefyingly good news. Simply from carefulness not to exaggerate, or commit themselves to more or to less than the exact original message, the exact words of the first messenger are repeated. Throughout the camp, growing louder, and intensified by glad and willing messengers, resound the delicious words "a HELL of a licking!" The C.O.'s servant Harper bursts into his master's tent shouting out, "Buller's given the Boers a—(pause)—*devil* of a licking!"

Crack! From Cove Hill just above our heads goes the 4.7 gun—a sound we have almost forgotten.

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Whistling and chirruping, away goes the good shell through the air. See! there it is! a great cloud of dust just beside the hated gun epaulement on Bulwana! Crack! there he goes again! It *must* be all right; he wouldn't waste his few remaining rounds like that if there were any doubt! Look! In the epaulement one can clearly see the top of a "derrick" sticking up. "THEY ARE TAKING THE GUN AWAY!"

What a revulsion of feeling! We don't WANT them to take it away NOW!

Thank God!

END OF RECORDS WRITTEN DURING THE SIEGE

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SIX MONTHS LATER

(Ingogo, 3rd September, 1900)

NO more could I, or any one else, write then. Amid our new-found joys and little surprises, meetings with friends, and the strange plenteousness of bread that soon began, there was no room for anything so dull as writing.

But the last and one of the most pathetic acts of the siege must be told here : how, on the morning of the 1st March, a poor attenuated squadron of starving men and horses went out on the Newcastle Road with a battery, to *try* to pursue the Boers in their retreat ! I saw one horse unable to leave the horse lines when his rider got on his back ; this was one of the so-called "mounted" squadron, whose horses had not been turned out. I myself with the "dismounted regiment" was on Green Horse Post, watching with impotent rage the Boer hosts struggling painfully away on all sides of Ladysmith.

Our little pursuing force made its halting way out to Pepworth's Hill (of infamous memory!), and in reconnoitring it Lieutenant Dunbar nearly met with

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his end! The Boers were in a concealed sangar at the foot of the hill, and let his patrol come within 100 yards of them before they fired.

Dunbar's horse fell, but he jumped up and continued the run on foot; then the best thing possible happened to him: he tripped on a rock, fell headlong, and lay quiet in a hole with concussion of the brain! Meantime our guns cleared the hill, and later on Dunbar was found where he had fallen, and soon after was none the worse. Our horses could go no further, so little more could be done by our worn-out troops. Many horses fell dead.

Nevertheless, when I visited Pepworth Hill a few days later, my adjutant, prying curiously into the great epaulement where Long Tom used to be, saw a bullock's hide on the ground, and looked under it casually. He started back, looking scared. At any rate, *one* burgher of the Transvaal had been overtaken by the feeble but willing pursuit of the still unconquered garrison.

APPENDIX I

A LETTER written by Lieut.-Colonel Gore to Lieut.-General the Hon. S. J. G. Calthorpe, Full Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards, with a request that it might be sent round to be seen by former officers of the regiment :—

Ingogo, 2nd September, 1900.

DEAR GENERAL CALTHORPE,

I cannot find any record of my having answered your kind letter, written on 26th May, so I trust you will let me make up for it now, and plead hard work as my excuse. I had a fall a week ago—out reconnoitring—and hurt my ankle, so I am kept in my tent perforce, and *obliged* to have time to write now! We have been doing a great deal of, perhaps thankless, but nevertheless hard and necessary work for a long time past. I fancy few people in the world know the frontiers of Natal, both eastern and western, more thoroughly than the 5th Dragoon Guards! At one time or another we have done the outpost duty almost all along the line, and there is scarcely a pass or a mountain track, a kopje or a spruit, that has not been patrolled by some of us. I will give you a brief sketch of where we have been since the siege.

From 13th March to 16th April : at Colenso, supposed to be recruiting the men's healths ; as a matter of fact, the

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place we were camped in was scarcely healthier than Ladysmith! It was almost on the Colenso battle-field, where the two armies had been facing each other for so long, and consequently anything but desirable ground. We got some horses, of sorts, here, and put them into training immediately. From 17th April to 17th May, we were at Ladysmith again! We now belonged to Burn Murdoch's (1st) Cavalry Brigade—to which we had been posted as a reward for Ladysmith. (We expected this would ensure our "going on" when the advance was made, but I am sorry to say that Brocklehurst's brigade, to which we originally belonged, has after all been selected to go on with Buller: very hard luck on *us*.)

We at once—horsed as we were—took up our share of the outpost duty, and had one squadron, for a week at a time, at Smith's Crossing, about six miles from Ladysmith, on the railway towards Van Reenen's Pass. We now had a *very* busy time: *everything* had to be reorganized! We had had a different system of transport before, and that had to be worked up again: until now we had been on the "Indian establishment," and we now changed to the English establishment.

During this time we were always being turned out for various alarms, but the Boers never attempted anything more than shooting at patrols. We were all heartily sick of this period!

On 17th May we suddenly received orders to march to Dundee. It was an interesting three days' march, following the destroyed railway line and seeing the Boer defences in the Biggarsberg, evacuated by them only a few days before, owing to Buller's turning movement *via* Helpmakaar. Arrived at Dundee, I found myself the senior officer of the force there, and appointed Commandant. I had some of the busiest days of my life at first: all the civil work as

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well as the military was referred to me: the rebel farmers had to be dealt with, and my instructions were not very definite for a few days. There was a nice jail standing open without a jailer, but we remedied that soon. The houses were all looted, and furniture piled about in various buildings to which it did not belong. I called a meeting of the members of the Town Council, and had the honour of presiding, and making speeches to them upon the necessary steps to be taken, in my new character of a military dictator! I hope this will be recorded in the annals of Dundee. Measures had to be taken at once for the defence of the place from an attack from the Buffalo lying to the east. Penn Symons in full confidence awaited the attack down near the town, on a flat place commanded, at what we *now* call very close artillery range, on all sides by hills.

He deliberately *allowed* the Boers to get on these unmolested. With the same problem before us, taught by his experience, we *occupied* all these hills ourselves.

Our advanced squadrons now had lively times. They were on ridges overlooking the Buffalo, and their patrols to the various "drifts"—De Jager's and Landman's especially—were in constant contact with the enemy. Captain Reynolds did excellent work with the scouts, sending much valuable information into headquarters. Several horses were shot at odd times. Corporal Chamberlin and another scout, after many adventures, were captured one day. Two days later I got a report, dated "Utrecht Jail," from Chamberlin! In a matter-of-fact way he gave information about the position of some commandos and guns, part of which he had learnt from other people in the jail! I think this must be almost a "record." He got a Kaffir to bring his letter through.

We were our own masters during this period, and

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doing good, interesting, but very hard work: the men and everybody else enjoyed it. On the 1st of June we made a long and interesting reconnaissance into the Transvaal, and bivouacked for the night, on our return, at Landman's Drift.

We got a piano out of a rebel farm, and after an excellent concert made the rebel piano play "God save the Queen" to an accompaniment that might have been heard all over the Transvaal!

On 23rd June we marched to Dannhauser, and after making some defences there, left it, and pitched our camp at Ingagane. Here we were rejoined by Brigadier-General Burn Murdoch and the Royal Dragoons, so were in brigade again. The 5th Dragoon Guards now took the western frontier, and the Royals the eastern. The men did a lot of good work, making defences, sangars, and wire entanglements, and we had some useful *practical* musketry (such as my soul loveth), and *not* as taught at Hythe. The men shoot wonderfully well now at any object you like to point out to them *in the field*. My "words of command" are most unorthodox! I say to a man, "Do you see so-and-so?" "Yes." "Then hit it for me." And it is wonderful how they judge the distance, adjust their sights, fire, "observe" the strike, alter their sights again, and *hit* the mark! They didn't do this at first, though; they have never been taught to think for themselves. (I apologize for this digression!)

On 2nd July I was ordered to make a reconnaissance towards Utrecht "to clear up the situation." I had command of 5th Dragoon Guards and Royals. We crossed the river unopposed, and got right up to Utrecht. Our "C" squadron was acting as left advanced squadron, and got all the fun; the Royals, as right advanced squadron, met no enemy.

Utrecht, I should say, had been visited before by a strong

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British force—to whom it promptly surrendered, of course. When my patrols got within 500 or 600 yards of the town, a hot fire was opened on them from the town, and some trees near it. (So much for the “surrendering”!) The rest of the squadron went up nearer and dismounted, and there was a very nice little fight for about two and a half hours. I was hoping the enemy would open with guns from the heights, as we wanted to find out about them—but they didn’t. The Boers tried to draw us up into the valley beyond Utrecht—a regular trap. We didn’t go, thank you!

Meantime some of our new boys who had not been in the siege were enjoying this vastly, and young Black had a great pursuit after a Boer—who disappeared into a donga—and would have got shot himself if he had had any luck! As we, with the main body, had now made our pictures and maps, I ordered a retirement. There was a little difficulty in withdrawing, but we were off within the half-hour. We got *one* Boer for certain, and had no casualty ourselves after all this “popping.” We got back to camp at dusk, many of the horses having done between 50 and 55 miles. The report of this reconnaissance, etc., went up to Sir Redvers, and, I am glad to say, was sent back “for information,” with most complimentary remarks and a mention of some officers. I put these remarks in “Orders” for the men to see; they had all worked like *bricks*.

We were all intensely glad to leave Ingagane on 28th July, as we had hated the place.

Next, the regiment was indeed scattered, being broken up into five different detachments.

<i>Kotzed's Drift</i>	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ squadron
<i>Ingogo</i>	.	.	1 squadron
<i>Laing's Nek</i>	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ squadron
<i>Volksrust</i>	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ squadron, and headquarters
<i>Zandspruit</i>	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ squadron.

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The same sort of work still went on, so I will not repeat myself. At this time each detachment probably had out four patrols all day long, so there would be about twenty patrols *always* in contact with the enemy. Unfortunately, some men were wounded and some taken prisoners. I have just heard, however, from a Boer (who came in with a flag of truce on another subject) that he was present when one patrol was captured. He said one of our corporals had got clean away himself, when he saw that the "guide" had fallen: he went back and tried to bring the guide away, and was surrounded and made prisoner. The Boer himself said, "Surely they will give him the Victoria Cross if they know it?" The Boer gave his own name, so I hope to refer to him for evidence when the war is over. (When?)

The Boers have been very active down here lately. They gave Kotzee's Drift a very smart shelling, but luckily hit no one. We had two field-guns there, but they were out-ranged (as usual) and had to go away. I am now down here with headquarters, and Laing's Nek is our most northerly post. The Boers stopped the trains running for two days, but they have not cut the line in *our* section—yet! Our gun (naval 12-pounder) was firing from here at intervals yesterday at stray Boers: quite reminds me of Ladysmith. I can't run away (because of my ankle!), but the shells are going the right way this time!

I wonder if the English papers have got hold of Reynolds' gallant exploit? As the Boers had been menacing the railway, he went out by night with 22 men. They rode six miles; then left their horses, and went on with 17 men dismounted. They saw a lot of fires and "stalked" up to them. Reynolds had his men in the form of a crescent. They got within 70 yards, and saw about 100 Boers sitting round the fires making coffee. Evidently they were going to attack

Appendix I

the railway at dawn, or they would not have been awake at that hour, or in that place.

Two Boers must have heard something. They were mounted, and rode straight towards where Reynolds was lying. He let them come close up, and then said in a low voice, "Hands up!" "Ja!" said the Dutchmen, beginning to dismount with their rifles to shoot. Then Reynolds let them have it—right and left with his Mauser pistol: so *they* were all right. At this signal all our men, of course, began blazing away at the groups of Boers round the fire. The report says, "the shrieks and groans that arose were awful." This firing was kept up for a considerable time at this short range—the Dutchmen didn't know which way to run.

At last some of them got their rifles and began firing wildly; then the signal to go was given, and our men made for the horses. They returned to camp with only a casualty of "one man missing." They had fired over 600 rounds!

This was a most brilliant affair, and had a great effect. General Talbot Coke was much pleased. We visited the scene of this encounter a few days ago, and found many dead ponies, and some wounded ones also. Reports from several sources say that the Boers had between 30 and 40 casualties.

I think now that I have spun a very long yarn, and at last brought you up to date. In the six months thus briefly glanced over, there has been a steady, constant current of work, that could not be neglected or slurred over. Many alarms, and false alarms. Sham "turn outs." "Standing to horses" at 3 a.m. (Who *enjoys* getting up at 2.45 a.m.?) And yet the thing I am most proud of is, that officers and men here are doing their duty as if they had only started this work a week ago. Absolutely no diminution of "keenness" whenever there is work to be done.

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That, I humbly think, is a criterion of a good regiment : I am only talking to old "Fifth" men, so I don't feel shy in saying this ! No newly raised regiment without traditions could have done this. It would have melted away long ago, if they had had no regular fighting to keep them together.

As I sit in my tent writing, I can see Majuba, 12 miles to my right, towering up finely. On the top of it, day and night, are a corporal and three men of the 5th Dragoon Guards, looking down on the world from that historic spot ! There's a garrison for you ! (Don't tell the Boers.)

The apex of the triangle of Northern Natal is watched on both its frontiers by the 5th Dragoon Guards as far south as Ingogo ; and down the spurs of the Western Berg its men are now making their way home at evening.

And close below my tent is going on as merry a game of football as may have been taking place on the afternoon on which you "joined"—my old Brother Officers !

ST. JOHN GORE.

APPENDIX II

5TH DRAGOON GUARDS

Nominal Roll of Officers serving with Regiment

Rank and Name.		Remarks.
Major	Gore, St. J. C.	Promoted to Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.
"	Edwards, A. H. M.	Commanding Imperial Light Horse.
"	Heneage, A. R.	Sick list from January to April.
"	Stobart, W. E.	Invalided before siege.
Captain	Hoare, H.	Wounded 3rd Nov. Invalided home.
"	Eustace, D. O.	
"	Darbyshire, P. H.	Invalided home.
"	Kennard, H. G.	Invalided home.
"	Holden, E. F.	Invalided home.
"	Mappin, G. F.	4th Dragoon Guards. Invalided home.
"	Gaunt, C. R.	4th Dragoon Guards. Wounded 8th Dec.
Lieutenant	Winwood, W. Q.	
"	Travers, A. P.	
"	Clay, B. G.	
"	Reynolds, P. G.	
"	Watson, G. H.	
"	Pomeroy, Hon. R. L.	Invalided home.
"	Dunbar, L. M.	
"	Saunders, O. E. M.	
"	Home, G. A. S.	
"	Mathew-Lannowe, B. H. H.	4th Dragoon Guards. Invalided home.

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Rank and Name.		Remarks.
Lieutenant	Richardson, J. J.	11th Hussars. Wounded 6th Jan.
Second Lieutenant	Melville, J. L.	
"	Platt, C. S.	Died.
"	Norwood, J., V.C.	Invalided home.
"	Kearsley, R. H.	
"	Kinnear, R. H.	Died.
Lieut. and Qr.-Master	Farbrother, C. H.	
Major	Minniece, J.	R.A.M.C. Died.
"	Hilliard, G., C.M.G.	R.A.M.C.

5TH DRAGOON GUARDS

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
2247	R.S.M.	Boag, Henry.
2279	F.Q.M.S.	Foulds, George.
4265	O.R.S.	Luckett, Charles.
4296	S. Trumpeter.	Gore, Charles.
2288	S.S.M.	Oliver, George.
2460	"	Forrest, Robert.
3069	"	Cooper, William.
2828	"	Hurst, Arthur.
2450	S.Q.M.S.	Curtis, Carlton.
2344	"	Thomas, Henry.
2721	"	Howlett, John Flemming.
2167	S.S. Farrier	Woods, Hance.
2017	"	Parker, Tom.
2594	"	Wetherall, Henry.
3007	"	Storey, W.
3125	"	Peel, John.
3366	"	Williams, John.
3476	Sergt. Farrier	Veal, James.
2589	Sergeant	Rose, William Bertie.
2110	"	Gilbert, Henry.
2367	"	Smith, Arthur Hammond.

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Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
3055	Sergeant	Manning, Henry.
3901	"	Taylor, George.
2722	"	Thompson, Henry L.
2966	"	Garnham, George William.
3352	"	Harris, Harry.
3303	"	Downs, John Ernest.
3418	"	Kelly, Francis Joseph.
3422	"	Darby, Frederick.
3338	"	Toyer, William George.
3454	"	Pooley, Charles.
3367	"	McCormick, Neil.
3458	"	Magrath, Terrence Thomas.
3710	"	Blythman, Cyril.
3543	"	Heath, Charles Edward.
3663	"	Read, William.
3559	"	Slocombe, Robert George.
4436	"	Savage, William Cowluern.
3686	"	Green, James William.
3796	"	Long, Henry Walter.
3930	"	Freeman, Edward Deane.
3359	"	Hyett, Thomas.
3972	"	Dixon, Thomas Fraser Homer.
3470	Lance-Sergeant	McDonnell, Thomas.
3142	"	Dawson, Cecil Hubert Thrower.
3963	"	Greenland, Frederick Arthur.
4040	"	Corbett, Henry.
3760	Corporal	Malone, John.
3788	"	Harker, Henry.
3780	"	Riddick, Herbert John.
3984	"	Elliott, Thomas.
3692	"	Woodman, Charles.
4033	"	Howard, William.
4500	"	Harrington, George.
4291	"	Beamish, Holmes.
3408	"	Pickles, William Elliott George.
3455	"	Grange, George.
3973	"	Jones, Harry Stephen.
4063	"	Lovett, George Thomas.
4180	"	Langford, William.

Appendix II

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
2634	Corporal	Pike, Thomas.
3975	"	Chamberlin, William.
3703	"	Howard.
3806	"	Marks, Albert Sydney.
3659	"	Green, Frank Albert.
3271	"	Faulkner, Samuel.
4079	Lance-Corporal	Glinnan, Charles Henry.
4227	"	Kellock, James A.
4047	"	Weeks, George Edward.
4146	"	Elmes, Frederick Charles.
4203	"	Rees, William Bertie Skone.
4248	"	Harrison, Charles.
4297	"	Adams, Gordon.
4329	"	Smith, Herbert Emery.
4114	"	Wilkins, Alfred.
4257	"	Bellingham, Albert Walter.
4295	"	Foxwell, Henry Norris.
4414	"	Hirst, William.
4462	"	Towner, Robert.
4465	"	Cossy, Thomas.
4506	"	Dalziel, Robert.
4547	"	Robinson, William George.
3614	"	Cook, James Henry.
3992	"	McKenzie Sidney Valentine.
4128	"	Orton, Charles William John.
3977	"	Stewart, John.
4305	"	Branch, Albert Horace.
4274	"	Johnson, William Henry.
4287	"	Stevens, William.
4195	"	Burgess, Wallace.
4213	"	Gallo, Frederick.
4268	"	Osborne, James.
4239	"	Millband, John William.
4401	"	Ledingham, David.
4341	"	Doggett, Henry John.
4210	"	Webb, Albert.
4231	"	Pearce, Charles.
4472	"	Preston, John.
4534	"	Soliague, Hugh Larmour.
3675	"	Steeds, Albert.
4501	"	Thorne, Walter.
4377	"	Stericker, Stanley.

Appendix II

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
4202	Lance-Corporal	Addy, Thomas Robert.
4533	"	Canham, Benjamin Race.
4452	"	Taylor, George.
3714	"	Charles, Thomas Henry.
3875	Corporal S.S.	Long, Thomas Daniel.
3634	"	Mills, Henry.
4074	"	King, Edward Charles.
4118	S. Smith	Pearson, Mark.
3866	"	Carey, Michael Joseph.
4345	"	Williams, James Watkins.
4496	"	Clough, Berry.
4507	"	Mouncer, Robert.
4244	"	Eggleton, Frank.
3425	Lce.-Corpl.-Tpтр.	Wall, Alfred Edward.
3929	Trumpeter	Stevens, Walter.
4165	"	Cotton, Frederick.
3623	"	Collier, Harry.
3624	"	Cruse, George Alfred.
3490	"	Spinks, Henry.
4395	Private	Abbott, James.
4050	"	Alexander, James William.
3250	"	Allison, William Fanwick.
3798	"	Anderson, John.
3869	"	Arthur, Ernest William.
4560	"	Ashlin, Harry.
3832	"	Askew, Alfred.
4389	"	Aslett, Charles.
3915	"	Atkins.
3812	"	Ault, Samuel.
3728	"	Bagshaw, Edward.
4354	"	Bailey, John Sharpe.
4348	"	Baines, Thomas George.
3947	"	Baird, John.
3739	"	Baker, Charles.
3787	"	Baker, James Henry.
4417	"	Banbury, Richard.
4519	"	Banham, James.
4580	"	Banks, Albert Edward.
4599	"	Barlow, George Robinson Hinde.
4479	"	Bayley, Charles William.
4306	"	Beard, John.

Appendix II

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
3918	Private	Beardon, Walter George.
4600	"	Beckett, Ashton Clemen
3720	"	Benton, John Henry.
4381	"	Berry, William.
4079	"	Bevans, Edward.
4134	"	Bevis, Walter Bernard.
4593	"	Blackburn, Alfred.
3722	"	Bond, Henry.
4095	"	Bowman, William.
4013	"	Bragg, Edward Elias.
4282	"	Bratterzani, Frederick.
4427	"	Bray, William.
3825	"	Brennan, James.
4603	"	Brenchley, Percy.
4495	"	Broadbent, Loyenel.
3695	"	Bromfield, George.
4145	"	Brown, Henry.
4259	"	Brown, George.
4508	"	Bryan, John Francis.
4502	"	Buck, Alfred.
4197	"	Buckeridge, Alfred Richard
4588	"	Burden, Edward.
4578	"	Burnell, Arthur Henry
4498	"	Burgess, Lionel John.
3830	"	Burrows, Percy.
4511	"	Burtonshaw, Thomas
4570	"	Bush, Charles.
3818	"	Butler, Charles.
3892	"	Cant, Joseph.
4467	"	Campbell, James.
3491	"	Cant, Joseph.
3158	"	Carmody, William.
4563	"	Carrick, John.
3643	"	Carroll, John.
4470	"	Carter, William Thomas
4250	"	Cave, John Edward.
3790	"	Chitty, Arthur.
4272	"	Church, Walter.
3917	"	Clancy, Patrick.
4286	"	Clarke, Herbert.
4330	"	Clarke, Jesse.
4561	"	Clarke, Herbert.

Appendix II

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
4591	Private	Clarke, David Raffaele Other.
3958	"	Cleaver, Alfred.
4508	"	Clode, Harold Charles.
4364	"	Cook, John.
4048	"	Connolly, Michael Frederick.
4402	"	Cooper, Charles.
4497	"	Coppard, Henry.
3817	"	Corbett, William.
3873	"	Cornish, Arthur.
3691	"	Coulston, William.
3855	"	Cox, Thomas Oliver.
4382	"	Coxhead, John.
4280	"	Cragg, James.
4120	"	Crouch, William.
4527	"	Crouch, Richard James.
3820	"	Cullen, John.
3832	"	Cunniff, Joseph.
4480	"	Cunningham, George William
		Francis.
4000	"	Dale, Herbert.
4476	"	Darken, Edwin.
3404	"	Davis, Benjamin Richard.
4606	"	Dawson, Harold John.
4521	"	Day, John Hutchinson.
4338	"	Death, Charles Alfred.
4554	"	De Ville.
3667	"	Dingley, Henry.
4437	"	Dingwell.
4581	"	Diprose, Charles Beacons-
		field.
4592	"	Dixon, Walter Henry.
3172	"	Donovan, James.
4440	"	Douglas, John.
3803	"	Dow, Archibald.
4229	"	Doyle, Richard Frederick.
4572	"	Doyle, William.
4400	"	Duffield, George.
3640	"	Eccles, George.
3934	"	Edwards, Charles.
4464	"	Edwards, John.
4602	"	Edwards, Frederick.
3907	"	Elliott, Thomas Frederick.

Appendix II

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
4128	Private	Ellis, John Campbell.
3924	"	England, John George.
4358	"	Evans, Frank.
3857	"	Fallon, James.
4478	"	Farley, George.
3673	"	Faulkner, Ernest.
4487	"	Fell, Woodburne.
4019	"	Fielder, William.
4504	"	Filtness, George William.
4162	"	Fisher, Edward James.
4482	"	Fisher, Arthur Edward.
4583	"	Flather, Henry.
4148	"	Fleming, William David.
4034	"	Fowler, William James.
2462	"	Fox, John.
4552	"	Fox, Sidney Arnold.
3748	"	Fry, William Sidney.
4181	"	Fuller, Herbert Campbell.
3747	"	Game, Alfred.
4516	"	Gash, Thomas.
4532	"	Geens, Edwin.
4215	"	George, William.
3868	"	Gibbons, Henry.
4405	"	Giddings, Herbert.
4242	"	Godwin, Frederick George.
3801	"	Gray, Walter.
3881	"	Greaves, Thomas.
3931	"	Green, Thomas.
4246	"	Green, Edmund.
4565	"	Green, Joseph.
4562	"	Gregory, Walter.
3906	"	Gunter, Harry.
3903	"	Gurd, Robert.
4309	"	Gurr, Herbert.
4548	"	Hackett, Harry.
4564	"	Hamil, Matthew.
3688	"	Harbinson, William.
4503	"	Hardwick, Edward George.
3662	"	Harper, Joseph.
4490	"	Harrington, Stephen.
4514	"	Harris, Percival Eli.
4520	"	Harrison, Harry.

Appendix II

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
3698	Private	Harvey, Arthur.
4178	"	Hayes.
4485	"	Hayes, Daniel.
3849	"	Hayson, Charles John.
4179	"	Hayter, William.
4274	"	Heally, Denis Joseph.
4290	"	Heffer, Eli.
4025	"	Henderson, James.
4456	"	Henry, William Joseph.
4236	"	Hewitt, Frederick James.
4339	"	Hildreth Raymond Edwin.
3969	"	Hills, James.
4475	"	Hinde, Joseph.
4567	"	Hoffman, Charles Franz.
4122	"	Holden, John.
3742	"	Holmes, George.
3981	"	Holmes, John Henry.
4556	"	Holt, William.
3770	"	Hone, Samuel.
3872	"	Horner, Hugh Massey.
3681	"	Horan, Joannes.
3721	"	Horn, George.
4087	"	Howard, Thomas.
3664	"	Huby, Alfred.
4434	"	Hurst, Percy Ross.
4536	"	Isaac, Arthur.
4375	"	Ives, Charles William.
4601	"	Jackson, Eli.
3764	"	James.
4546	"	James, Edward Owen.
4598	"	Jameson, John.
4091	"	Jefferson, Percy Albert.
3668	"	Jeffrey, Frederick.
4461	"	Johnson, John.
3672	"	Jones, Edwin Caswell.
4517	"	Jones, James John.
4595	"	Jones, George Edwin.
4523	"	Jordan, Edward Alfred.
3708	"	Keene, Henry Murnford.
4201	"	Kett, George Edward.
3680	"	Kettle, Frederick.
4075	"	King, John.

Appendix II

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
4026	Private	Kirk, Robert Everitt.
3705	"	Knights, Robert William.
3979	"	Lane, Alfred.
4468	"	Laurie, John.
4298	"	Leigh, Albert Edward Turland.
4474	"	Leishman.
4573	"	Letherland, James.
4559	"	Lewington, Henry.
4435	"	Linger, Francis Dix.
4555	"	Logan, John.
4193	"	Long, Robert Christopher.
4153	"	Lovegrove, Henry.
4526	"	Lovejoy, Wilfrid George.
4572	"	Lovelock, George.
3772	"	Lyness, David.
4136	"	Lynham, James.
4083	"	Makings, George Edgar.
3777	"	Mannock, Edward.
4214	"	Mansbridge, David.
4550	"	Mapson, George Walter.
4494	"	Marshall, Frederick George.
3776	"	Martin, George.
4084	"	Mason, Richard.
4342	"	Mason, Henry George.
4579	"	Mason, Henry.
4471	"	Mathie, John.
4557	"	Maxtead, George Thomas.
3744	"	McBride, William.
4469	"	McConnell, Hugh.
3951	"	McKenzie, David.
4558	"	McLennon, Kenneth James.
3694	"	McToleridge, Henry.
4055	"	Merrall, Alfred.
4556	"	Miller, Frank Henry.
4569	"	Milton, Alfred.
4504	"	Moore.
4175	"	Moreland, John.
3983	"	Morgans, Thomas.
3986	"	Morris, Thomas.
4372	"	Morris, William.
4551	"	Morris, Harvey Alexander.

Appendix II

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
4509	Private	Moss, Edward Davidson.
4539	"	Mouncer, William.
3757	"	Munroe, James.
3921	"	Murphy, Christopher James.
3763	"	Murray, James.
3749	"	Neville, James George.
4067	"	New, John Alfred.
4486	"	Norman.
4312	"	Norris, Robert William.
4534	"	Norris, John Edward.
4411	"	O'Brien, Robert.
4327	"	Offord, George.
3793	"	Ottaway, George.
4374	"	Page, Thomas.
4510	"	Parker, Joseph.
4571	"	Perry, Arthur.
4537	"	Phillips, Alfred.
3876	"	Pikeman, Henry William.
4529	"	Pinder, Alfred.
3695	"	Piper, George.
4234	"	Pooley, Samuel.
4391	"	Porter, Percy Frederick.
4365	"	Price, Herbert.
4415	"	Purchon, William.
3693	"	Raine, William Tanner.
4054	"	Ralph, George.
4007	"	Raymond, George.
4528	"	Rigby, Albert.
3779	"	Riley, George.
4056	"	Rimmer, James.
3945	"	Roe, Michael.
3870	"	Rogers, Gilbert Edward.
4052	"	Rogers, George.
4542	"	Rossbrook, William Under- wood.
4221	"	Rymer, Joseph.
4119	"	Salter, Charles.
4361	"	Sargisson, Harry William.
4386	"	Saunders, Joseph Henry.
3879	"	Scott, Arthur.
4332	"	Scott, Frederick.
4029	"	Sell, Horace William.

Appendix II

Regl. No.		Rank and Name.
4073	Private	Shore, Charles Henry.
3720	"	Sibthorpe, William.
4352	"	Simmonds, Wilfred.
4406	"	Skellhorn, James.
4141	"	Skidmore, William.
4097	"	Slater, Robert.
4456	"	Sloan, John.
3861	"	Smith, George John.
3899	"	Smith, Patrick.
4549	"	Smith, Charles.
4568	"	Smith, Frank John.
4578	"	Snelling, Raynham.
4174	"	Sparey, Laurence.
4014	"	Stansfield, Isaac.
4524	"	Stevens, Samuel.
3638	"	Stone, Josias Henry.
4481	"	Sutherland, Charles.
3880	"	Symes, Charles.
3871	"	Tait, Herbert.
4304	"	Taken, William.
3908	"	Taylor, Andrew.
4363	"	Taylor, Frederick.
4538	"	Thornborough, Alfred.
4484	"	Tobin, William.
4530	"	Toole, James.
4367	"	Treadwell, Charles.
4558	"	Trebbett, Joseph Lewis.
3905	"	Trelfall, George.
4535	"	Tuck, John Alfred.
4544	"	Turtlebury, Joseph.
3637	"	Tyrrell, Harry.
4340	"	Vincent, Arthur.
3819	"	Waine, John.
4220	"	Wall, Edward Charles.
4577	"	Wallace, Henry William.
3993	"	Walsh, Ralph Townsend.
4012	"	Walsh, William.
4325	"	Ward, James Edward.
4466	"	Ward, David.
3778	"	Watson, James Leitch.
4379	"	Watson, Samuel.
3754	"	Watts, Henry Ross.

Appendix II

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
4346	Private	Webber, Frederick.
3719	"	West, Albert Edward.
4459	"	Westoby, Percy Durrant.
4587	"	Westoby, Edgar.
4428	"	Wetterburg, Carl Alexander.
3677	"	Whineray, Charles Henry.
4022	"	White, William Henry.
4597	"	Whittlesay, Ernest Edward.
3701	"	Wickham, Frederick George.
3635	"	Wickes, Alfred John.
3633	"	Wicks, William Henry.
4289	"	Williams, Albert.
4515	"	Williams, Charles.
3723	"	Wilson, Joseph.
4410	"	Wilson, Edward.
4531	"	Wilson, Edward.
4543	"	Wilson, Thomas.
3516	"	Windsor, John Charles.
4218	"	Wood, Gilbert.
4333	"	Wooding, Frank.
4491	"	Woollard.
4124	"	Woolley, Francis.
4553	"	Wortley, Adolphus.
4261	"	Wright, George Henry.
3898	"	Wynne, Walter Henry.
4499	"	Younger, James.
653	Armr.-Sergeant	Wright, Herbert.
	Saddler-Sergt.	Carter.
	Assist.-Surgeon	Weston. I.S.M. Dept.

Appendix II

4TH DRAGOON GUARDS ATTACHED

Regl. No.	Rank and Name.	
4747	Private	Barry, John.
4505	"	Chambers, William.
3591	"	Connor, James Francis.
4482	"	Craig, William.
4167	"	Davie, Alexander.
4566	"	Goodall, John.
4146	"	Llewelyn, George.
4346	"	Logan, George.
4249	"	Moore, Thomas.
4406	"	Pepper, Frederick.
4127	"	Phipps, Robert Colin.
4620	"	Wood, George.

11TH HUSSARS ATTACHED

3194	S.Q.M.S.	Eldridge.
3932	Lance-Corporal	Searle, Frederick.
4166	Private	Baker.
4146	"	Burrows, John.
3823	"	Chalmers, John.
4255	"	Davis, Arthur.
3808	"	Doggett, John.
3832	"	Foster.
4254	"	Germany, Frederick.
3829	"	Haigh, John.
3979	"	Harvey, F. H.
3822	"	Holmes, William.
3773	"	Hunt, Howard.
3922	"	Kewley.
3882	"	May, Frederick.
4086	"	McKenna.
3941	"	Mellor.
4159	"	Mitchell, Lionel.
3642	"	Reid.
3934	"	Stirrett.
3928	"	Tustin, Frank.
4033	"	Wilson, James.
3631	"	Woodley.
3704	"	Whitehead, Thomas J. H.
3782	"	Ogle, Robert John.
4150	"	Robinson, W. G.

APPENDIX III

THIS war has been productive of many startling surprises and novelties, and among them there has been none more welcome and touching than the extraordinarily kind and liberal manner in which friends in the old country have testified to their remembrance of the soldiers at the front. The joy and the pleasure and the jollity evoked by the arrivals of boxes and bales of presents for the officers and men after the relief of Ladysmith, must have been seen to be truly realized. Unfortunately many of the packages arrived without the name of the kind sender upon them, and it was not possible for the commanding officer to write in the name of the regiment and thank all the donors separately.

The following list has been compiled with as great accuracy as possible, and indulgence is asked for any unavoidable errors and omissions it may contain. The Green Horse now again desire to here subscribe their warmest thanks to their generous benefactors, and to assure them that their kindly sympathy after the long siege of Ladysmith went straight to the hearts of officers and men.

LIST OF PRESENTS OF CLOTHING, ETC., MADE TO THE REGIMENT BY VARIOUS FRIENDS.

From Lady White's Fund.

401 pipes ; 200½ lbs. of tobacco ; 401 woollen caps ; 401 jerseys ; 401 scarves ; 802 pairs of socks.

Appendix III

From "Daily Telegraph" Fund.

A consignment of wine, whisky, and tinned goods.

*From Miss Heneage, the Hon. Adela Heneage, Miss Harter,
and Miss Mildred Harter.*

Notepaper, envelopes, tooth-brushes, sleeping caps, socks
savoury meat, lozenges.

From General Calthorpe, 5th Dragoon Guards.

450 briar pipes ; 450 lbs. tobacco.

From Tottenham, per John R. Cornish, Esq.

800 2-oz. tins of tobacco.

From Major Kearsley, late 5th Dragoon Guards.

437 lbs. of tobacco ; 13 dozen shirts ; 11 dozen pairs
of socks ; 12 pairs drawers ; 9 cushions ; 4 sleeping suits ;
188 woollen caps ; 48 woollen scarves ; 4 vests ; 25 dozen
handkerchiefs ; 1 shirt ; 58 cardigan vests ; papers, books,
magazines.

From Lord Rothschild.

12 packs of cards ; 4 cricket bats ; 2 sets of stumps ;
4 sets of leg guards ; 2 pairs batting gloves ; 5 cricket balls ;
2 scoring books ; 4 footballs ; 5 hockey sticks ; 2 hockey
balls ; 50 1-lb. tins of butter ; 150 pine-apples ; 3 sacks
of vegetables ; 1 barrel of stout ; cheque for £25.

From Mrs. Hoare.

12 shirts ; 4 pairs of socks ; 3 sleeping caps ; 24 handker-
chiefs.

Appendix III

From some English Ladies—Names not disclosed.

21 lbs. tobacco; 1330 cigarettes; 4 lbs. cocoa; 7 bottles
cider; 30 mufflers; 20 caps; 22 puddings.

From a few Well-wishers in York.

24 tins of tobacco; cigarette maker, cigarettes, pipes.

Through Viscountess Parker.

FLANNEL AND JAEGER SHIRTS.

Lady Meux	150
Captain Matthews, late 5th Dragoon Guards . . .	126
Miss Hoare	48
Captain and Mrs. Leetham, late 5th Dragoon Guards	36
Viscountess Harberton	36
Mr. R. T. Jardine	26
Mr. St. John Paulet, late 5th Dragoon Guards . .	24
Mrs. Kinnear	24
Mrs. Mappin	24
Viscountess Parker	21
Mrs. Soldi	18
Mrs. Wedderburn	12
Miss Grace Eustace	8
Finchley Baptist Chapel	9
Mrs. Glossop	6
Mrs. F. Gist	4

TOBACCO.

Earl of Macclesfield, cigarettes (bought with his pocket-money)	4000
Mr. Douglas, cigarettes	1000

Appendix III

Major Gist, late 5th Dragoon Guards, cigarettes, 6 large tins
Miss Stocker for "B" squadron " 14 small "
W. Kelly, late Private 5th Dragoon Guards " 2 " "
Two friends, 1 box cheroots, 1 of cigarettes.

SOCKS.

	Pairs.
Captain Purefoy, late 5th Dragoon Guards	140
Viscountess Parker	80
Finchley Baptist Chapel	58
Colonel and Mrs. Bowers, late 5th Dragoon Guards .	48
Mrs. Kinnear	47
Mrs. Mappin	42
Captain and Mrs. Leetham, late 5th Dragoon Guards	50
Captain Calverly, late 5th Dragoon Guards . . .	36
Mr. R. T. Jardine	30
Mrs. Soldi	24
Viscountess Harberton	24
Mr. St. John Paulet, late 5th Dragoon Guards . .	24
Mrs. Glossop	12
Miss Grace Eustace	12
Mrs. F. Gist	6
Mrs. Churchyard	6

Viscountess Parker, 6 down pillows.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Miss Hoare	96
Mrs. Mappin	48
Viscountess Harberton	48
Viscountess Parker	48
Mrs. Churchyard	15

Appendix III

FLANNEL PANTS.

	Pairs.
Viscountess Parker	138
Captain Halford, late 5th Dragoon Guards	48
Captain and Mrs. Perkins, late 5th Dragoon Guards	24
Mrs. Clutterbuck	12
Mrs. Winwood	12
Miss Young	12
Mrs. Soldi, flannel trousers	5

Viscountess Parker, 6 towels.

Viscountess Harberton, 24 cardigans.

Viscountess Parker, 3 cardigans.

SLEEPING CAPS.

Captain and Mrs. Leetham, late 5th Dragoon Guards	54
Colonel and Mrs. Bowers, „ „ „	36
Viscountess Parker	31
Finchley Baptist Chapel	13
Mrs. Glossop	2

TAM O' SHANTERS.

Viscountess Parker	24
Finchley Baptist Chapel	20
Mrs. Leetham	3
Mrs. Soldi	2

WOOLLEN SCARVES.

Viscountess Parker	21
Finchley Baptist Chapel	17
Mrs. Wedderburn	6
Mrs. Kinnear	8
Mrs. Leetham	3
Mrs. Glossop	2

Appendix III

MITTENS.

	Pairs.
Finchley Baptist Chapel	7
Mrs. Churchyard	5

BELTS.

Mrs. Kinnear	13
Mrs. Goodwin	6
Viscountess Parker	2

Various Articles from Viscountess Parker.

Writing-paper and pencils, linen, thread, buttons, needles,
shirt-buttons.

From Her Majesty the Queen.

367 boxes of chocolate.

From Major Aspinwall, late 5th Dragoon Guards.

360 pairs of slippers.

Through Mrs. St. J. Gore.

34 pairs of socks ; 48 handkerchiefs.

From Miss Ivy Hoare.

4 parcels of sweaters ; 1 parcel of caps ; 1 parcel of
gloves ; 20 caps ; 6 jerseys.

From a Kind Friend.

50 boxes of cigarettes.

Appendix III

From an Unknown Friend.

50 boxes of cigars.

From Captain Holden.

171 pipes; 510 tins of tobacco.

From an Old Lady of 80, and made by her.

5 woollen scarves.

From the "Willows," Englefield Green.

4 pairs of cuffs; 5 cardigan vests; 6 flannel vests; 6 pairs of drawers; 6 vests; 6 shirts; 1 pair of socks; 8 wallets of paper; 2 dozen pencils.

From Miss Winwood.

4½ lbs. of tobacco.

From Mrs. St. John Gore.

300 lbs. of tobacco.

From Miss Norwood.

70 woollen caps; 190 pairs of socks; 220 shirts; 200 handkerchiefs; 12 towels; 130 pairs of laces; 11 pillows.

From Lieutenant Richardson, 11th Hussars.

25 pairs of woollen gloves.

From J. M. Home, Esq., and Miss B. Swinton, Edinburgh.

169 pairs of socks; 24 packets of handkerchiefs; 21 vests; 16 pairs of drawers; 69 shirts; 2 pairs of pyjamas; 6 dozen

Appendix III

pencils; 8 packets of soap; 1 tin of tobacco; 1 parcel of notepaper; 1 bundle of boot-laces; 139 woollen caps; 42 scarves; 12 mittens; 4 pillows; 24 cholera belts.

From Mrs. Booker.

36 cardigan jackets; 72 handkerchiefs; 27 shirts; 74 woollen caps; 1 pair of socks; 18 pairs of woollen gloves; 3 pairs of mittens; 1 cholera belt; 36 handkerchiefs; 16 vests; 46 shirts; 9 pairs of pants.

From Mrs. H. Brown.

48 cholera belts; 64 pairs of socks; 60 handkerchiefs; 22 scarves; 36 woollen caps; 44 shirts; notepaper, envelopes, and pencils; 7 boxes of cigarettes; 2 tins of tobacco; mittens; linen for dressings.

From a "Soldier's Sweetheart."

1 packet of tobacco.

Through General Sir A. and Lady Elliot, late 5th Dragoon Guards.

18 handkerchiefs; 4 dusters; 43 cakes of soap; 24 pairs of laces; 1 box of Maggi's soup squares; 8 packets of stationery; 22 pairs of socks; 4 tins of "Lemco," 5 cardigan vests; 8 caps; 4 scarves; 4 magazines.

From General Temple Godman, late 5th Dragoon Guards.

12 cholera belts; 14 Balaclava caps; 12 cardigan jackets; 24 pairs of socks.

Through Major Edwards, 5th Dragoon Guards.

72 pairs of socks; tin of plum pudding; chocolate.

Appendix III

From Colonel and Mrs. E. Hegan, late 5th Dragoon Guards.

43 pairs of socks; 44 cardigan jackets; 5 vests; 44 cholera belts; 18 pairs of gloves; 13 scarves; 4 pairs of mittens; 1 Balaclava cap; 2 handkerchiefs; 4 dozen boot-laces.

From an Unknown Friend, to the Army; 5th Dragoon Guards preferred.

5 cushions; 12 pairs of mittens; 12 Balaclava caps; 6 pairs of socks; 1 scarf.

From Mrs. James Heath.

2 cardigan jackets; 7 shirts; 8 sleeping caps; 4 pants; 6 pairs of socks; 12 handkerchiefs.

From (?)

Two cases "thirst-quenchers."

THE END

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